Sport, Travel & Fiction

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Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Her Grace the Duchess of Westminster

No. 4.—Vol. I.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

The BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

Wednesday, December 30, 1903

The Last of the Mohicans

I was startled the other day by seeing a person of distinguished and foreign appearance pass wearing that little decoration in his buttonhole, which may be either the red badge of courage or of cookery. He was, I guessed, *un décoré*, a member of the Legion of Honour. There was, of course, nothing peculiar about his appearance. I have seen others like him; they are, indeed, less rare than a piebald horse. What startled me was the thought that he might soon be a splendid survival, an ultimate Mohican without the becoming costume. If the iconoclasts who have lately attacked the Chamber of Deputies across the Seine have their way, distinctions and decorations will disappear from France. This will be a matter for regret. Not only would it be hard on deserving cooks and meretorious drapers, but it would make it impossible to single out really distinguished persons, as one now can do, by the absence of the red rosette or the blue ribbon.

A Review of Reviews

Besides, it would put an end to my ambitions, for it is certain that, following a bad example, English orders of merit would also disappear, from M. V. O. and F. Z. S. downwards. And letters come usefully after a name sometimes. When, for instance, the hasty reviewer is confronted with "The Influence of Democracy on the Empire of Romulus," by Bleak Nash, F.R.H.I.S., he knows what to do. A man who is a Fellow of the Royal Historical Inquiry Society can safely be trusted to know all about Romulus and how democracy affected him. He may be taken on trust. It is unnecessary to refer to the "Encyclopædia" (which the reviewer may or may not have purchased by telegram and instalment) under the heading Remus, with a cross reference to democracy and a further search in the Bebel article. The "F.R.H.I.S." does the trick. The reviewer has only to write "this admirable study in deductive philosophy, marked by a classical erudition which, etc., etc." Without this guarantee of good faith the reviewer would be, as the "Encyclopedia" was, at a temporary discount.

Stars and Stripes

I have sometimes longed for stars and stripes as an outward manifestation of worth. But they must go together. The stripes alone are unsatisfactory. Of course, merit does not depend upon orders. One can know the classics without being M.A., or be a great statesman and wear no other distinction than an orchid. It is not the best generals who get the best appointments after a war, nor the keenest soldiers who get the D.S.O. If you doubt me, ask the best generals and the keenest soldiers. They scorn publicity, and they suffer without complaining. But a little tact will sometimes drag a word or two out of them. All the same, a distinction of some kind is useful with the outside world. They require a hint. One's own family, let us say, can and do, understand the greatness of one's talents. Crystal-gazers and palmists understand it also. Any of them will assure us of fame and fortune, by way, it may be, of softening the distress of parting with half a guinea to help make *them* comfortable. But the uninitiated make mistakes. They are apt to treat one as quite an ordinary person. If I were decorated, if I had a title with or without a fortune in jam or pickles—let us suppose—I should not be misunderstood and my acquaintances would be saved from making a stupid blunder.

An Unfilled Want

There is room for a new order in England, to be conferred on those few people who manage to keep their tempers, not only during, but after the "festive" season of Christmas. The badge, or star, or garter, or whatever went with it, might be intrinsically very valuable, without the expense of distribution being large. Still, there are excuses for those poor worthies, jaundiced in body and mind. Of mince pies, plum puddings, *et hoc genus omne*, we will not speak. Little Maryolatry of this extravagant form is a subject too sacred for discussion. And there is no doubt that repentance has been deep. The blame should, moreover, really rest on the advertisers of patent medicines. With a hundred specifics put before him, any one of which is guaranteed to obviate all the ills that flesh is heir to a man cannot be blamed for risking what Lady Plumleigh called the "tender spot" in the hope that one of the advertisers may be speaking the truth.

A Happy New Year

In another couple of days we shall reach the year A.D. 1904, and THE BYSTANDER wishes his readers a very happy and prosperous New Year. The past twelve months have not been over and above prosperous for the majority of us, but, with the birth of a new year, we hope the clouds will blow by and a fresh vista of wealth and gladness come to us.

People of Interest

The Mikado

"Bismarck and the Emperor of Japan," said Kossuth once, "are the two most wonderful men in the world." Kossuth's selection was undoubtedly an accurate one. Under the rule and direction of Mutsuhita, the hundred and twenty-first of his line, Japan has changed from a feudal despotism, whose chief sentiment was loathing of the foreigner, to the closest imitation of a great European power which is possible in an Oriental people. The Mikado—a title never used, by the way, among the Japanese—is not a figure-head. He has been the heart of the movement for the re generation of Japan, and round his throne has gathered the band of statesmen who have achieved such incredible results in thirty years. That throne has been occupied by his family for twenty-five centuries, or, as the State documents put it, "for eternal ages." He has taken the lead in the policy of creating a great navy for Japan, and worked, like all his advisers, to gain the British Alliance which is now in being. He is reverenced by the people as a divine being, and it is said that there are not more than half a dozen Japanese who can speak to him without a trembling voice. He insists on European dress being worn by all who surround him. He is the active head of his Army and Navy. He is the soul of Japan, and its great stable institution. The Third Article of the Japanese Constitution is this: "The Emperor is sacred and inviolable"

The Emperor of Japan

Photo by *Thomson*

Miss Beatrice Paget

Two Fair Fiancées

It rarely happens that two sisters both become engaged during the same year to future earls. This pleasant fate has befallen the pretty and accomplished daughters of Lady Alexander Paget. Miss Beatrice Paget, who was one of the beauties of last season, is engaged to Lord Herbert, the eldest son of Lord Pembroke; she is exceptionally tall and graceful, and inherits her fine bearing from her father, who, as "Dandy Paget," was one of the most popular and good-looking men about town of his day. Miss Winifred Paget, whose betrothal to Lord Ingestre was one of the two sensational marriage announcements made during the closing days of the old year, is to marry Lord Ingestre, the pleasant-looking son of Lord Shrewsbury, and the heir to one of the oldest of British peerages. Miss Paget, who is the eldest of the two sisters, is known to her friends as "Frid"; she is a singularly lovely girl, and, as she affects a somewhat picturesque style of dress, she often looks as if she had stepped out of the frame of a Sir Joshua Reynolds or Lawrence portrait. Lady Alexander Paget is a sister of Lord Combermere; she is a clever, thoughtful woman, more highly accomplished than most of the great ladies of her generation, and though her marriage took place twenty-three years ago, she has retained an agreeable look of youth. It is possible that the two Miss Pagets, following the example of Lady Lansdowne and Lady Blandford, may elect to be married on the same day.

The Governor-General of Manchuria

Admiral Alexeieff has the typical look of a naval officer. He is a man of about fifty, with a florid complexion, and a well-set figure, inclining to corpulency. A man of few words, he has, however, been known to unbend when surrounded by congenial society. His weekly receptions in the somewhat mean, two-storeyed house occupied by him at Port Arthur, are generally well attended. He speaks English, French, and German fairly fluently. He rather likes English people, and he has a decided penchant for American women. He has seen a good deal of service, and has had conferred upon him some of the highest Russian orders. His first prominent appointment was as Admiral-in-Chief of the Pacific station. He is Commander-in-Chief at Port Arthur, Governor-General of Manchuria. An enthusiastic imperialist, there are no limits to his ambitions for the consolidation and aggrandisement of Russia. He will never consent to the evacuation of Manchuria, and will fight for its retention—if permitted to do so—to the last man, He enjoys a high reputation among naval men for resourcefulness and tactical knowledge, and has just been appointed Viceroy with unlimited powers.

Admiral Alexeieff.

Broxmouth House

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe are spending Christmas at Broxmouth House, close to the famous battlefield of Dunbar. In the park Oliver Cromwell had his headquarters, and there is still to be seen the mound from which he and Ireton reconnoitred the position of Leslie and the Scottish army. The house itself, though comfortable, has nothing of the magnificence of Floors Castle. The Dowager Duchess, who is very fond of Broxmouth, where the young Duke was born, will live there in future. She is an enthusiastic angler, and an expert in wavy-coated Maltese terriers—the old breed particularly favoured by the Royal family. The King, when he was a little boy, kept two, and he gave his daughter, Princess Victoria, a particularly fine specimen of the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe's strain.

Photo by Miss Winifred Paget. *Thomson*

Floors Castle

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe will go on to Floors Castle after Christmas, and there receive the acclamations of the enthusiastic tenantry. Floors is a truly splendid pile. It was built in 1718 by Sir John Vanbrugh—the dramatist-architect for whom the stinging epitaph was written

> "Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load onthee!"

Some fifty years ago Playfair greatly altered it—turned it, indeed, into the Tudor style. Floors was often visited by Queen Victoria, who was much attached to the late Duchess and to the present Dowager Duchess, both of whom served Her Majesty as Mistress of the Robes. The views commanded by the castle are indescribably lovely. The spectator sees the marriage of those glorious rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, the ruins of Kelso Abbey and Roxburghe Castle, and, indeed

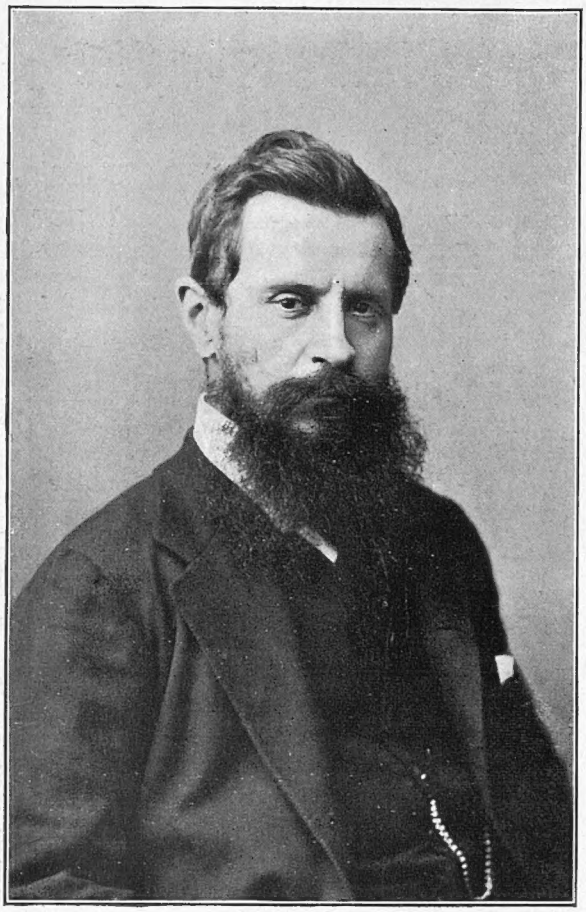


Photo by *Elliott & Fry*

The Duke of Norfolk, K.G.

a whole region full of the very spirit of poetry and romance. It is of Floors that Sir Walter Scott wrote: "Its terrace, its woods, and its extensive lawn form altogether a kingdom for an Oberon or Titania to dwell in, or any spirit who, before that time, might love scenery, of which the majesty and beauty impress the mind with a sense of awe mingled with pleasure."

Lord Burnham's Collection

Lord Burnham's especial political hero is Edmund Burke, and he has accumulated in the course of years a really remarkable collection of "Burkeiana," including the identical dagger—a sorry weapon, by the way—which Burke threw down on the floor of the House of Commons in one of his most impassioned speeches. Burke himself never lived at Hall Barn, but at a smaller house two or three miles away. He often however, visited Hall Barn, where King Edward was recently entertained by Lord Burnham, and has many associations with the parish of Beaconsfield; indeed, it is well-known that if his son had not died he would have accepted the proferred peerage, and would have become Earl of Beaconsfield. Lord Burnham also has relics of the poet Waller, to whom this property once belonged, and from which he addressed many of his exquisite lines to Saccharissa. His lordship's chief hobby is to play with his grandchildren, of whom he has quite a number, for all his three children—Mr. Harry Lawson, Major W. A. Lawson. D.S.O., and Lady Hulse—are all blessed with offspring, and Lord Burnham delights in entertaining the little people at Hall Barn.

The Earl Marshal's Engagement

The most interesting engagement at the end of the year became publicly known just before Christmas Day. The Duke of Norfolk has been a widower sixteen years, and, though his re-marriage was a matter of considerable moment to the great Roman Catholic world, and also to Society at large, the owner of Arundel Castle showed no desire to give a successor to the charming, sympathetic woman to whom he was only married for ten happy years. He has, however, made his second choice, as those who have the honour of his acquaintance would have expected, well and wisely, for the young lady who is to be the next Duchess of Norfolk comes of the best English and Scottish stock. Miss Gwendolen Maxwell is the eldest daughter and heiress of Lord Herries, and through her mother, a second cousin of her future husband. During recent years, the Duke of Norfolk has often stayed with Lord and Lady Herries and their daughters, the whole party frequently going on long riding expeditions—an old-world fashion of spending one's time dear both to the Duke and his future Duchess. The wedding, which may take place at Everingham, the bride's beautiful Yorkshire

Photo by *Mault & Fox*

The Hon. Gwendolen Constable-Maxwell

Ref. 31-1-05

home, which has the finest private chapel in the kingdom, is to take place this side of Lent. It is possible that the bride and bridegroom may spend a portion of their honeymoon in Italy, where they are sure to receive a very warm welcome from the Pope, who esteems the Duke of Norfolk as one of the most faithful and munificent of his spiritual sons.

Sir Mortimer Durand

"Very pleasant socially, but not requiring any great talents politically," was Sir Stratford Canning's summing up of the post of British Minister at Washington. Times have changed indeed since then, and Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, has gone out to a post the importance of which was recognised when his predecessor, Lord Pauncefote, was raised from the status of Minister to that of Ambassador. Ten years ago, when Sir Mortimer was on an important mission at Cabul, Lord Lansdowne praised his "admirable qualities of tact, patience and sincerity"; and he came home to be made K. C. S. I. and K. C. I. E. He had served as Political Secretary with Lord Roberts in that region in 1879, and the experiences he had there formed the material of the novel "Helen Trevelyan," which he wrote under the pen-name of "John Roy." He had also done first-rate work in the Indian Civil Service. After his Cabul mission, he went as minister to Persia in 1894 and in 1900 to Madrid, whence he has been called to Washington—the first man, it is proudly noted in America, who has been transferred to Washington after previously holding ambassadorial rank. He was born in India fifty-three years ago, and educated in England, where he was called to the Bar.

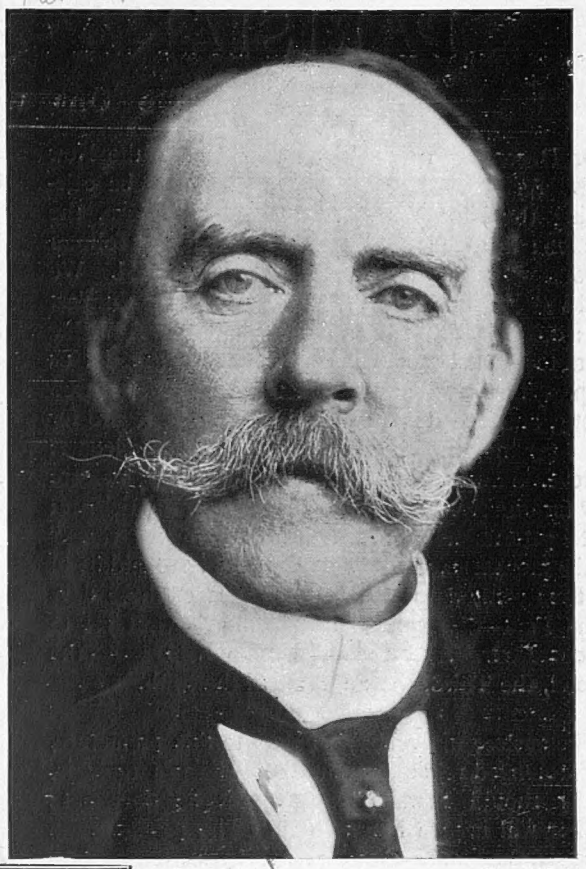


Photo by *Beresford*

Sir Mortimer Durand

Photo by *H. Walter Barnett*

Lady Falkiner and her Infant Son

A Pretty Group

Lady Falkiner, who was, before her marriage, Miss Kathleen Orde-Powlett, and whose wedding was one of the smartest Roman Catholic functions of 1902, is the proud mother of a baby son and heir. Her husband, Sir Leslie Falkiner, is one of those sporting baronets for whom Ireland is famed; and his son bears the typically Irish names of Terence and Patrick, the latter, perhaps, because he had the good luck to be born on St. Patrick's Day. Lady Falkiner is one of the smartest of youthful twentieth-century matrons, and she is connected, through her parents, with many of the best known hosts and hostesses in the great London world.

PARISIANA:

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

"No One will Wait"

On December 15 we began to celebrate the New Year. As late as January 5 we shall still be celebrating the New Year. And then, I suppose, the reaction: the spell of depression that usually follows a prolonged *fête*. We shall feel old, very old. We shall be limp and *blasé*. We shall pine for the simplest fare: cold viands, soda and Vichy waters. All lights out at ten, and let us sleep—for heaven's sake let us sleep. Total tranquillity: let the fire be stirred quietly, and the door closed gently, out of regard for our poor nerves. Not a visitor that is welcome: we love no one, we are interested in no one, we care only for ourselves. And not a—— But I anticipate: as the pantomime comedian puts it, I am "previous." At the present moment we are only in the middle of the twenty-one days' *fête*; the greatest of these days —the First—to say nothing of the Eve, has yet to be observed. And then — heaven help us — the Second, the Third, the Fourth, and the Fifth.

The austere will probably object to this premature, this prolonged rejoicing; but the Parisian's reply is, "Why should I wait?" And wait he does not; nothing will induce him to wait. The postman, the *concierge*, the tradespeople are not legally entitled to their annual tip until the First; but they refuse positively to wait. Now—at once—this very moment, is their cry. We are here at your door: so reward us. We see no use in postponing the silver, the golden moment. See, we are all smiles, all desire; our hands are outstretched, drop your offering into the open palm; and accept in return our best wishes and our thanks. Accept also (in the case) of the postman, an almanac. It is his gift; it is the gift of the telegraph boys. And as I know three postmen and two telegraph boys, I now possess five almanacs; and possess, again, a bottle of Chartreuse from the grocer, and a cake from the baker, and cream from the milkman, and a joint from the butcher. Thus does everyone in Paris receive a gift. Blessings on my grocer and his kind! How could one carry one's custom elsewhere, after so spontaneous, so warm-hearted, so generous an attention?

No one will wait. All along the *grands boulevards* stand the New Year's booths of toys, picture-post-cards, crockery, finery, and nougat. Particularly, nougat; and the nougat is the property of dusky aliens in turbans and robes, who hum alien airs and otherwise amuse themselves by accosting the passer-by in their own strange language. Merry aliens, who sing and crack jokes! Jovial aliens, who drink red wine and make little meals off their own nougat! Indeed, they are for ever tasting their nougat. Stick after stick of nougat: pink, white, green, mottled nougat: with almonds in it: with cherries in it: all for the New Year, but the aliens will not wait. (In passing, one may observe that more aliens than Parisians eat the nougat.) Altogether, some four hundred booths on the *grands boulevards* alone; and in the whole of Paris, five times that number. A tax of 30 francs per booth, and the booth-owners have begged the Chief of the Police not to enforce payment until the Fifth. But M. Lépine has replied, "Now!" M. Lépine will not wait.

Not a soul who will wait. On the open squares stand the New Year's roundabouts, gigantic affairs, with loud organs. Little sleep for the neighbours, and little peace for the policeman at the corner, who must hear the organ for hours at a time. Never still, the organ. The burly proprietor hopes to attract patrons from the entire neighbourhood with his music. *Musique à grande orchestre*, says the board. "One takes care of the children," says another. And, surely, enough, the burly proprietor himself straps the children on to the wooden-horses, and bids them be brave, and smiles broadly upon them; and thus wins every mother's heart, and, what is more precious, *sous* from her purse. Nor do the children display the admirable qualities of patience and restraint. In the confectioner's window, triumphs in the way of biscuits and cakes. And Georges and Marie gaze longingly into the window. And the father of Georges and Marie cannot persuade them to proceed. And at last the father says, "In a day or two, you will be eating those cakes." And then do Georges and Marie passionately reply, "We would rather have them *now*." So, cakes on the spot. And indeed—why wait?

Not a performer who can wait. Jugglers, tumblers, and strong-men would be admired and rewarded this very day. Not much of a juggler, this fellow who seeks to balance a ruler on his nose. *Vieux jeu*, that; the easiest and stalest of feats. And yet the juggler fails and fails again, and curses the ruler, and holds the weather responsible, and succeeds only after the twentieth effort, when he immediately makes a collection on the terraces of the *cafés*. Nor is the tumbler an expert; and as far the strong-man, well, one suspects his weights. He announces himself as the "Terrible Georges"—but how is he terrible? True, he holds his weights in the air; but then—one suspects those weights. Nothing terrible about "Georges," so far as I can see; and nothing about his two rivals, "Pierre" and "Paul," from Marseille. Why, from Marseille? Are wrestlers in Marseille more terrible than elsewhere. "Yes, gentleman, from Marseille," insists Paul. "My colleague speaks the truth: "We are from Marseille," vows Pierre. So, the Marseille Wrestlers! Vive Marseille! Vive Paul and Pierre, of Marseille! But, truth to tell, Pierre and Paul are clumsy, and lose their breath, and must pause to regain their breath, and——. But no matter, no matter. One cannot expect amazing, heart-stirring performers in the streets. Parisians are *en fête*, and so indulgent and amiable and lavish with their *sous*. Performer follows performer, and each one gets his share. Performers on the *grands boulevards*, in the squares; here, there, and everywhere. Only one performer missing: the wait.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

1. SHALL ALL FRENCH DECORATIONS BE ABOLISHED?

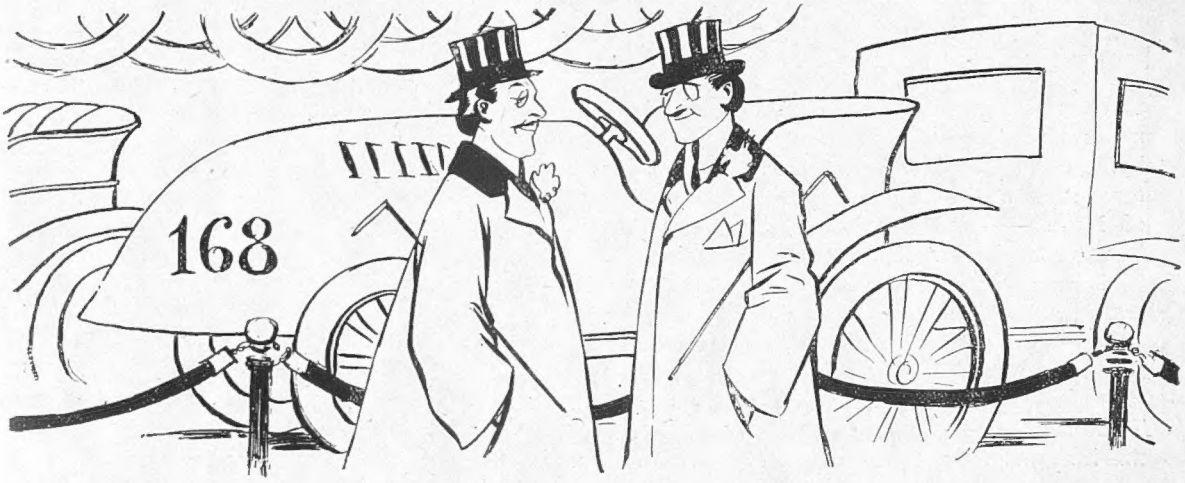
He: Have you heard that a deputy proposes to vote the suppression of all décorations?

She: No doubt he has been unable to obtain the red ribbon in the New Year's list.

2. "LE DÉDALE" AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

She: Mr. Hervieu's heroine seems very anxious to know which husband to choose, as both love her equally!

He: Really? in her place I should choose a third one.



3. AT THE GARAGE

Have you come in here to buy a car?

No? only to make people think I *could* buy one.

4. THE DIVINE SARA

(*Mr. Sardou.*); Be thankful, madam, you did not live in a time where women were burnt for bewitching everyone!

5. NEW YEAR'S BOXES

She: I do not want "useful" presents; give me something quite new, very rare, and expensive. . . .

He: I see what you want—a "gramme" of Radium!

PARIS WEEK BY WEEK

As depicted by our Special Artist

The Clubbite's Experience of Amazons

It is more than unlikely that readers will find, on this printed page, any trace of my emotion; but if they should, I must ask them to forgive it. I was lately the spectator of a most harrowing event, as they shall learn. I was strolling, just about the time that the fog lifts and lets the sun rise, along one of London's biggest streets, when of a sudden my eye was caught by a vast crowd that seethed in unison, as though one long, gay-hued reptile writhing in mortal pain. Its colour alone could tell me that this was no crowd of drab-clothed men, but of modish ladies. While I speculated, calmly, as to what could have the power to draw so large a multitude together at this hour, my eye fell on a huge bill above the struggling horde, and I knew that at ten o'clock on this December morn Messrs. —— and Co. were charitably disposing of Mme. ——'s high class stock at considerably below cost price. And it was now some minutes after ten! Can you wonder at the tumult? To have marked a *chic pélerine de torchon* or ravishing *panne bolero*—I do not guarantee these phrases—as one's very own; to be barred unjustly from one's prey; to see the throng of rivals never ceasing to increase itself. There is a tragedy in three clauses! Small marvel that it seemed likely to close the act on murder.

Leads Him to Consider Punctuality

For, even as I gazed, a woman who at any other time might very properly have been charged with respectability, struck the lady before her a vast smite with her umbrella. "Don't push!" she shouted, elbowing her opponent's back. "It *is* so silly," she explained, thumping a dowager craftily between the shoulder-blades; "you won't *gain* anything." And then, not one moment too soon, the door swung open and swallowed up the bargain-seekers, a mere surging sea of umbrella-crooks, aigrettes, and bonnets in red, white, blue, and in every less patriotic colour. It was a painful spectacle for a man of peace. I tried to view it in the abstract. I came to see that the root of all the evil had been Unpunctuality: if the sale had begun at the time advertised, there would have been no *mêlée*. This led me to consider Unpunctuality must, after all, be labelled as a vice, in spite of the many who declare Punctuality to be more heinous. But, if so, there is no doubt that Vice pays, in this instance. The late guest is, at least, welcomed feverishly; the punctual guest most probably arrives before his hostess has got her drawing-room and smile in anything like readiness. Still, the latter guest has the consolation of the virtuous—the admiration of his excellence, of which he alone, maybe, is conscious.

And Good Resolves.

Yes, unpunctuality may be set down a vice, without more prosing, and a vice that comes uncommon easy to the tradesman. If we are a "nation of tradesmen," perhaps, to more impartial eyes, the vice is national—or has been. It is not safe to prophesy in the face of a new year. For quite a long time, now, nations and people have lit on the first of January as a happy season for good resolves; it is only the War Office that lights upon the first of April. Indeed, all the world scrupulously turns over one or two new leaves on New Year's day—even that poor part, which knows that the next morning will only bring the bore of turning back again, and finding the old, easier place. So that each new year has the look of an amateur millennium, and some of the good resolves are realised. And thus—*pace* the pessimists—we progress; but not too quickly for the stolid and portly old gentleman, John Bull.

He Ventures into 1904

Still, the reforms in our little everyday affairs, fixed for next Friday, make a magnificent array. We are offered concessions by the Postmaster-General which he declares to be important. They concern the halfpenny post. Henceforth, we may indite five magic words in manuscript on printed forms, and still escape the penny fee; and we may dedicate our books. But we do not minimise our privilege. We may add five written words upon our New Year cards. I have nothing but praise for this strait limit; it will eclipse telegrams as an exercise in ingenuity, a means to the sharpening of obtuse intellects.

And Tells of Reforms

Picture postcards, if I may trust a dealer's word, are now to be enclosed in envelopes. Sad blow to the cartophilists—the word is theirs—whose guileless joy, hitherto, has known no bounds when a spiteful postman has stamped "Dover, January 23, 6.30 p.m.," or a kindred legend, on Mr. Chamberlain's face, and so exalted the card to a worth rivalling the worth of radium. Further, the lowest age of child-actors is to be raised from seven to ten—for which relief, much thanks. And, finally, the false prejudice against motors is to be removed by checking the noxious scorcher in his wild career. Henceforth, he and respectable motor drivers also (so do the just suffer for their weaker brethren) will bear, fore and back, huge numbers, which will shame the cabmen. Yes, certainly, there is a good time coming.

CLUBBITE.

The Topictator

MR WINSTON CHURCHILL AT HALIFAX SAID "IT (MR CHAMBERLAIN'S COMMISSION) HAS THE FINEST POSSIBLE IMPRESARIO FOR THE NEW AND ORIGINAL PANTOMIME OF THE FORTY THIEVES."

FROM ABROAD.

The Beatification of Joan of Art

On Wednesday, January 6, beneath the great dome of St. Peter's in Rome, an event will be celebrated with all the ornate ceremonial of the Roman Catholic Church, that may be said to represent the closing scene in a drama of which the opening act was played well-nigh five centuries ago. The day, commemorated by tradition as the birthday anniversary of Joan of Arc, is to witness her beatification by Pope Pius X., who some time since notified the President of the French Republic and the French bishops of his intention. After the solemn pronouncement of the Decree of Beatification in the Sistine Chapel, the Pontiff will go down to St. Peter's, and there receive a monster pilgrimage of French Catholics. There is no episode recorded in the annals of the past more extraordinary than that of which the central figure is the youthful shepherdess of Domremy, who is in future to be honoured by her fellow-countrymen as Sainte Jeanne d'Arc. It was on Sunday, March 6, 1429, that the heroic maid came to Chinon, and had her first eventful interview with Charles VII. within the walls of the great feudal castle, whose picturesque ruins still crowd the steep hill slope above the little town upon the banks of the Vienne. A simple peasant maiden, friendless and alone, but inspired by implicit belief in her divine mission to drive out the enemies of France, no difficulties could daunt her, no obstacles

The Statue of Sainte Jeanne d'Arc at Chinon, Touraine

turn her aside. The sluggish King was roused to a semblance of courage and determination by her example, and a few weeks later Jeanne rode forth from Chinon with her follower as to lead them on to victory, to raise the siege of Orleans, to attend the coronation of her sovereign at Rheims, and, alas! before long, to fall by treachery into the hands of her relentless foes and to find a cruel death on the market-place at Rouen. At Chinon the wall is still pointed out beside which the Maid alighted from her horse when she came to see the King, and a colossal equestrian statue has been erected to her memory.

The Cathedral of Ste. Croix, Orleans, Where Each Year is Celebrated the Festival of Jeanne d'Arc

Distant Spitzbergen

The first sight of distant Spitzbergen from the sea, if the sky be clear, is like a peep at a realm that is unreal. The long line of receding peaks clothed to their tops with snow, through which ridges and patches of black rock appear; the glaciers, showing vast even at a distance, sweeping down the valleys into the sea; the strange effect produced by the reflection of light from sea and snow, until the snow-clad masses seem almost diaphanous; all this combines to produce an enchanting air of mystery. And, seen at nearer hand, there comes increase of

grandeur without loss of beauty. Recherche Bay, lying on the south-west of the island, where the accompanying photographs were taken, is typical of Arctic scenery in these latitudes at midsummer. From the anchorage taken up there by the ship in which the writer visited Spitzbergen, the outlook is magnificent. The head of the bay is guarded by a rampart of peaked mountains rising in graceful lines from the water, while to the right and left lie two great glaciers, ending abruptly in a sea-washed cliff of ice, some eighty or hundred feet

Whaler Leaving Recherche Bay Dipping Flag to Salute

Landing at the Foot of the "Fox" Glacier, Spitzbergen

In grey and lowering weather, with the cloud-wreaths enfolding the mountains almost to their base, one gets some idea of what the cruel sternness of the Arctic can be; but, be the weather fair or foul, to have felt, even for a brief time, this absolute aloofness from the world of men, and to have seen virgin Nature in her icy solitudes, makes an impression that no sojourning in cities can afterwards quite efface.

h. From the face of these cliffs, ept in the quietest weather, masses of are constantly breaking away, often h a report like cannon-fire—the result the conflict between the enormous ssure of ice from behind and above, d the rising of the water by a swell or high tide.

Beautiful Desolation

Desolation is everywhere, but in sunlight it is a beautiful desolation, and here in the height of summer there is, in fair weather, sunshine throughout the twenty-four hours. The colour effects in the marvellously clear atmosphere are wonderfully beautiful. The pure blue of the sky, the sparkling snow, and ice relieved by masses of black and brown rock, the milky green of the water flecked with masses of drift ice, the variety of colour in the shadows, the exhilaration that results from breathing the exquisite air, and the triumphant sense of remoteness and of achievement in merely being there, make up an experience the novelty of which is only equalled by its delight.

The New "Schöner Brunen" at Nüremberg

The Funicular Railway en route to Caux-Glion

A Missing Landmark

Visitors to that ancient and picturesque town of Nüremberg during the past two years have missed that historic landmark, the "Schoner Brunen," in a corner of the market-place. They will now be pleased to hear it is back again in its old place, completely restored—in fact it is entirely new, an exact replica of the ancient well that stood there eight hundred years ago.

Just now it looks gaudy in its bright colours, but by the time the influx of visitors commences, the elements will have combined to mellow its appearance, and make it more in keeping with the ancient appearance of the town.

The Winter Season at Caux.

The winter season at Caux promises this year to be a very good one, and those fortunate beings who can flee from the fogs, the leaden skies, horrid slush, and general unpleasantness of the English winter and spend some weeks in sunny Switzerland, are now enjoying the tobogganing, skating, ski-ing, luge-ing, and other winter sports under blue skies and in an invigorating climate. At Caux young and old spend their days—provided, of course, there be sufficient snow and ice—indulging in one of the above-mentioned sports, and their nights in dancing, amateur theatricals, concerts, and other delights. Caux now rejoices in two magnificent hotels—the Grand and the Palace—which are open all the year round. To reach Caux, which is 3,457 feet above the lake of Geneva, one travels *viâ* Lausanne to Territet, the station beyond Montreux on the Jura-Simplon line, just taken over by the Swiss Federal Government from the Jura-Simplon Railway Company. From Territet a funicular railway takes you up to Glion, 2,270 feet. The photograph gives a good idea of the steepness of the line. It is 750 yards long, the maximum gradient being 1 in 1¾. At Glion you change for the Glion-Naye rack and pinion railway, four and a half miles long. The journey to the Rochers de Naye Station usually takes one and three-quarter hours. Caux, the first station, is one and a quarter miles above Glion, and a fine view can be obtained here, though nothing like so magnificent as the one from the summit of the Rochers de Naye, 6,485 feet above sea-level. The latter has been described as the most sublime in the west of Switzerland.

By Rail to Simla

The romantic if uncomfortable tonga journey from Kalka to Simla, which, thanks to Kipling and Mr. Croker, has become almost as familiar to us as Piccadilly or New Bond-street, is now a thing of the past. The railway has at last reached Simla. It was opened without any official ceremony or flourish of trumpets early last month. Though the new railway is barely forty miles in length, its construction has been an even greater triumph of engineering skill as the famous Darjeeling railway and is scarcely to be compared with the famous Ghants section of the G.I.P. The extraordinary difficulties of the route are indirectly manifested by the fact that the journey from Kalka takes barely an hour less than by the tonga. The line has cost nearly a million sterling, and has been several years in construction. There is no doubt that this new railway will tend to modify the several exclusive character of Simla society. Indeed, some *habitués* of the summer capital of India do not hesitate to declare roundly that it will tend to make Simla another Darjeeling, which has been unkindly described as the Margate of India.

A Frenchman's View of Russia

Russia is, according to a Frenchman just returned from a visit to the North, the most hospitable country in Europe. Our traveller, whilst animadverting on the paucity of clubs and *cafés* in Russia, remarks that the deficiency is amply compensated for by the courtesy and kindness of private individuals. The principal social meal of the day, over which the gracious hostess presides, and to which strangers, furnished with an acceptable introduction, are readily welcomed, is the samovar, or tea. Tea is generally taken at eight o'clock, and prolonged until it passes, by easy gradations, into supper. The Russians retire later, and the mistress of the house, who is generally as highly cultured as she is charming, spares no pains to make her guests feel at home.

The Visit of the King of Spain to Portugal: The Cortege of Alphonso XIII.

The New Woman in Sweden

England once upon a time used to be called the paradise of married women. Sweden, judging by recent statistics, may be highly recommended to the modern damsel, who, believing that she is an entity in herself, regards matrimony as an inferior condition of life. With the exception of the military and clerical professions, all appointments are thrown open to women. Sixty-three per cent. of the elementary teachers in Sweden are women. Many of the teachers at the higher schools and colleges belong to the same sex. The University of Upsala numbers among its professors a fair Portia who lays down the law. French doctors, more especially dentists, abound in the country, and nursing is entirely in the hands of women. Several girls are at present qualifying for the bar. In the fine arts music and painting attract a large number of ladies, some of whom have reached a high degree of proficiency. Of female journalists

The Terminus of the Glion-Caux Funicular at Rochers de Naye—The Grand Hotel

A Royal Group—On the Right of the King is the Queen-Mother

there is a goodly number, and their remuneration is decidedly high. Lastly, the railways, the post-office, and public offices employ hundreds of girl clerks. In short, before long the only employment left to the Swedish man will be to do the cooking and to rock the cradle.

The Schönbrunn Menagerie, which not long ago celebrated the 150th year of its existence, claims to be an enlargement of the original establishment of the emperor Maxmilian, in 1552. The present fine collection contains 1,689 animals and 475 genera. It has some remarkable specimens of giraffes, elephants, and tropical birds. The oldest zoological garden is that of Vienna. Our "Zoo." in its present condition, dates from 1825; the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, traces its origin to the days of Louis XIII., in the seventeenth century; the Berliner Thiergarten, founded in 1867, had its prototype in the pheasantry of 1671.

The State Carriage

The King of Spain in the State Barge

Spain and Portugal

Considering the historical relations which have existed for so long between Spain and Portugal, there is a certain air of curiosity concerning the visit of the young king of Spain to the Court of Lisbon. Since Spain has emerged from the agglomeration of the kingdoms of Castile, Aragon, Leon, Valencia, and Navarre, the relations between the two countries have been very strained, and there has been but little love lost on either side. Portugal, with her independence, has been to the dreamers of Iberian unity a standing affliction for so long. The form of diplomacy which consists in the interchange of visits between heads of kingdoms cannot be designated one of modern growth. At the same time, such visits are far more common in these than in former times. It is difficult to gauge their exact value, but on all sides it is admitted that the outcome of a personal visit is often a mutual and agreeable understanding upon debateable points. Consequently, it is a pleasure to note the young king's visit to Portugal, and it adds a couple of voices to the harmony of international peace for which this waning year has been so marked.

THE RIVERS AVON AND STOUR SEEK A NEW BED

Looking East: Showing Damage to Cliffs in Consequence of the Rush of Water

Looking West: Showing the Double Foreshore Caused by the New Channel

CONCERNING SIGNOR BUSONI

Ferruccio Benvenuto Busoni is a great artist, without (so to speak) extras. In the musical world his is a name to conjure with. Outside it, hundreds of people have heard of him in a vague way, and many, many thousands—probably one might say millions—of folk in our islands who know, or think they know, what you mean when you say "Paderewski" or "Kubelik" give no sign of intelligence when you utter the name of this Italian master of the pianoforte. Why is it? You may hold that the Polish pianist of whom all the world has heard is, indeed, a greater artist than Busoni; but you could not maintain that there is such a difference between the two in the matter of art, pure and simple, as to explain why Paderewski has been the hero of a national craze, a fruitful source of income to the photographers, the daily recipient of unsolicited proposals of marriage, the unwitting godfather of innumerable cats, dogs, and horses, and the subject of honourable mention in the comic songs of a people, while Busoni has been, and remains, a musician whose renown is almost entirely confined to people who know something about music, or, at any rate, about musical affairs.

"Personality," of course, is the answer. It is a word of many meanings. No one who ever listened to Busoni at his best could entertain the idea that this remarkable player was without personality. But it happens not to be of the kind that stirs the imagination of great masses of people. He is, in fact, one of those whom it is difficult to "boom"; and I suppose most of us, in our calmer moments, will agree in thinking all the better of him for it.

You may have heard the story of the famous musician who, when upon an American tour, was very much troubled by the sudden descent of a heat-wave. He became languid and depressed. His fingers almost refused their office. At last he went in desperation to the American *impresario* who had brought him over. "This cannot go on," he said. "I am playing abominably. No reputation could stand it. This load is greater than I can bear. I simply *must* get my hair cut." The experienced man of affairs looked at him with a coldly sarcastic eye. "It seems to me, young man," he said, tilting his tall hat still further on to the back of his head, "that you take a mighty curious view of your reputation. Ain't you got sense enough to know that from the moment you turn the barbers in among that hair of yours, you're a dead man?" Still the musician was not convinced, and it was not until the manager threatened to sue him for breach of contract that he gave up his idea. That night he played worse than he had ever done in his life before; and at the end of his performance the platform was stormed, amid a scene of indescribable enthusiasm, and he was embraced by upwards of three hundred ladies.

This is not likely to happen to Busoni. I do not mean to say, of course, that if you met him in the street you would put him down as a commonplace type. You would not judge him to be a Foreign Office official, or a barrister in large practice, or a jobber in the Kaffir market. You would take him for an artist. But you would not become a monomaniac about him, because he has not that kind of personality. As an artist, he will scarcely regard its absence with much regret; though I cannot say what view is taken by the business man, which probably lurks within Busoni as in the most refined and etherealised natures.

The year of his birth was 1866, and he is one of the people who seem to have taken no harm from being brought into the world on the first of April. It was at Empoli, in the neighbourhood of Florence, that this happened. His connection with his native land, however, is of the slightest. It does not offer the great prizes of the musical career; and the only thing in his official record that reminds us of his country is his honorary membership of the Royal Academy of Music at Bologna.

He began by being educated in Austria, where he studied his art. Shortly after coming of age, he became a teacher of music at Helsingfors, which is—as of course you do not need to be told—a great seaport town on the Gulf of Finland. The importance of his sojourn among the Finns, which only lasted some months, is that in 1890, the year after leaving the country, he married Gerda Sjostrand, the daughter of a Finnish sculptor.

There are no stories about Busoni, but there are some concerning him. For instance: A certain millionaire, returning to millionaire-land, was asked by some acquaintances on the boat, who had been hearing music in London, what he thought of Busoni. He exclaimed, with an emphatic gesture, "Great!" "You did go to hear Busoni, then?" observed another friend, who had not suspected him of any very refined taste in music. "Why, no," replied the millionaire, extracting a fresh cigar from his upper waistcoat pocket, "but I hear he makes a pile of dollars."

It is some eight years since Busoni came before the public. He has appeared several times in this country, in company with the great violinist, Ysaye. Those who have heard the two in the *Kreutzer Sonata*, or Busoni in Chopin's B flat minor Sonata, or in Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasia will not forget those performances. Busoni has an extraordinary mastery of the legitimate *technique* of his instrument. He plays with wonderful clearness, and no less wonderful power of suggesting the finer shades of meaning. His work is brilliant, but sound and sane, with nothing sensational or eccentric to spoil its artistic value. He has composed a great deal of orchestral and chamber music, and many pianoforte pieces, and has written much about his art. He lives in Berlin, but he often goes abroad, and he is an occasional visitor to our shores whom no one interested in music should miss when he comes.

Signor Busoni at the Piano

"At the Sign of the Times"

A Survey of the Year's Progress

It seems only proper, in view of the rapid approach of A.D. 1904, to take a survey of the world's work and progress during the past year. To France seems due the prime place in this survey, and, in saying this, I am not forgetting the United States of America. On the contrary, I am remembering the United States of America, and their constitutional objection (their spiritual Monroe doctrine, so to speak) to taking the second place anywhere. On this occasion, however, they will have to fill it. But I am forgetting France. Tried, no doubt, by the *entente cordiale* with this country, France has already had "a regrettable incident" on the football field. Rugby was the game, in which the *Stade Français* opposed the Brighton Football Club. As the referee, who had come specially from England, was leaving the ground, there was (says the *Morning Post*, solemnly) an outbreak of hissing on the part of some of the spectators, who accused him of unfairness. Admirable nation, which never takes up anything without carrying it through to the letter! Why do our journalists misunderstand you? I had no doubt at all that the whole affair was organised by the Minister of Police out of compliment to the English team. Already, I expect, *barraquer* (to barrack) has been added to the French sportsman's vocabulary, and the exact method of hooting been drawn up and distributed among the athletic clubs of France. "Regrettable incident" indeed! Could we, if we wanted to, offer a sincerer flattery? I think not, unless the Duke of Devonshire were prepared to call Mr. Balfour "traitor," and to continue doing so until Mr. Balfour had pinked him in the wrist.

U.S.A. Re-Bossed

Digressions must be avoided, or we shall have no time to discuss Patagonia, Russia, and other countries. In America, President Roosevelt, and Mr. Washington ("Mr. Booker, sir, not Mr. George," as the English footman said) have been pursuing the strenuous tenour of their ways, to the satisfaction of most of their friends and a good many of their enemies. Tammany Hall—that ideal institution, to found which the Pilgrim fathers endured so many hardships gladly—has a New Boss, Mr. Murphy. We congratulate Mr. Murphy; we also congratulate Tammany Hall; nor have we any doubt but that this charitable society will continue, by its contributions of blankets and soup tickets, to earn during yet another winter the blessings of the people of New York. A Happy New Year, therefore, to Tammany Hall.

Germany in Need of a Reminder

Of Germany's progress there is not much to relate. Ever ready to lend a helping hand to the heathen in far lands, the Germans have done their best to make the Chinese feel at home in Shantung during the past twelve months. If they have forgotten, under the pressure of this altruistic work, to punish some of the most atrocious cases of brutality that have ever been made public—in an army, or out of it—it is, they will say, nobody's business but their own. Fancy fifteen months' imprisonment for maltreating some eight hundred men! It seems to show the likelihood of what I have known Germans to say, namely, that in the next war there will be a transference of officers from battalion to battalion for fear that, without this precaution, all the officers will, in the first engagements, be shot from behind. It is dubious wisdom to set about mending a nation's manners. But these cases of bullying in the German army have been revolting. There is no man living that should not blush for them; and if the Germans have forgotten—but that is impossible.

Russia Peacemaking as Usual

Turning to a pleasanter subject, we find that Russia has been engaged for some time past in her accustomed and unselfish *rôle* of peacemaker. Though perfectly cognisant of Japan's tortuous diplomacy (disguising, of course, a policy of the most aggressive nature), Russia has, in the person of Viceroy Pecksniff—I mean Alexleieff—again and again pretended to take no notice of it. "For why," he asks in effect, "should we fight? It is much nicer not to fight. . . . And in any case you would be so badly beaten. Leave us in peace, then, in Manchuria, where the meek Manchurians love us: give us Korea as well—we love the Koreans. But do not, *do* not fight about it." Our bantam Ally, immoderately suspicious of these courtesies, hesitates, nevertheless, to strike the first blow; and still the air of the Far East is thick with uncertainty. And the question is, Who carries the guns?

And Other Countries Prospering or the Reverse

I spoke of Patagonia as though its progress were to be dealt with in the course of this article. On second thoughts, I leave it to abler pens than mine. I forgot to get the "Encyclopædia Brittannica," in fact, until it was too late, as many a Patagonian has done. Their progress, therefore, is doubtful in any case. Of Scandinavia, I need only say that ski-running is still popular among its inhabitants. Austria-Hungary is still bracketed. Young sheiks dwelling on the Persian Gulf are now told by their nurses that if they are naughty they will have to go and see Lord Curzon. The Tibetans are wishing they had never attracted the attention of the *Daily Mail*. Blubber has gone up a ha'penny a pound among the Esquimaux. Snow has fallen in Canada. Belgium imports india-rubber, and meantime—*rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis!*

MINIMUS

Drawn by *Harry Rountree*

"Never the Sweet without the Bitter"

The Pergola

There is hardly a garden nowadays, however small, whose owners share in the revived interest in gardening where there is not some form of pergola to be seen. Much has been written on the subject, and the majority of moderately informed garden lovers no longer fall into the most glaring errors of taste in the disposition of the pergola. It is generally understood that it must have some meaning in the garden scheme, and must not be dumped down anywhere. And yet a good deal of confusion still seems to exist upon the subject, even amongst those authorities whose word carries most weight. The modern pergola should be recognised as resting upon three different but not opposing ideas. The name itself comes from Italy, and the Italian idea of a pergola is of a shaded open-air annexe to the house, constantly in use during the summer heats. Therefore the best Italian pergolas are very solid constructions, with piers of masonry or brickwork, roofed with great hewn beams. They are, indeed, as much a matter of architecture as the houses which they usually adjoin. So much at present for the pergola proper.

Pleached Alleys

The second idea which helps towards the construction of the modern pergola is that old English one of the pleached alley. This was at first a paved and afterwards a grass walk, entirely overgrown with arched greenery. Hornbeam, witch-elm, and yew were chiefly used for the purpose. These alleys were far narrower than we should consider advisable nowadays—Gervase Markham considers six feet sufficient for *wide* walks—and their sole purpose was that of shelter. In the sixteenth century elaborate wooden galleries were erected, with the same end in view. Their roofs were arched and covered with vines. There are many sixteenth century prints giving views of these erections. They sometimes enclosed a large square of formal garden, and corresponded, says a recent writer, "to the classic portico and the monastic cloisters, and were a survival from the mediæval pleasaunce." The modern pergola has little in

Photo by *Reid*

Stobo Castle the Seat of Sir James Grahame Montgomery

common with these elaborate structures, but it retains the idea of the covered pathway.

Climbing Plants

But I think the most important use of the pergola in English gardens is for the display of climbing plants. This may seem at first sight a paradox, but it is not really so. In the case of the Italian pergola, as well as that of the pleached alley, the first idea is that of shade, and the plants used to cover it are, in the main, those of the nature of the vine, which make a close shelter of living green. In our climate shade is not of the first importance, but, on the other hand, we do want some means of displaying the beautiful varieties of climbers which the skill of the modern hybridist has gained for us. Nearly all the favourite climbing roses grown in English gardens to-day are of comparatively recent introduction, and the same may be said of the most beautiful clematis. Very few of us have enough wall space upon which to train as many of these lovely flowers as we want to grow, and, if we had, a wall is not always the best place for them. The Crimson Rambler, for instance, is not at all happy on a wall, nor are the other numerous roses of the same class. In many cases, particularly in small gardens, a row of tall posts, perhaps connected by drooping chains, would be more in keeping than a pergola, and there is no reason why this delightful form of garden decoration should not be used in larger gardens as well as the other. But, generally speaking, the pergola is the best and the most attractive way of showing many of the things "that no garden should be without," and it is there that its chief use comes in.

The Pergola in the English Garden

We have now, I think, straightened out our ideas of the pergola in the English garden. The massive stone and brick piers of Italy are not necessary, and are, indeed, best not used, unless in connection with some very carefully considered piece of garden architecture; but, on the other hand, the structure must have solidity and permanency, or it will begin to fall to pieces just at the time when the plants that cover it have attained to their fullest beauty. We may take our name from Italy, but very little else save in exceptional cases. From the old pleached alley we gain our idea of the covered walk as opposed to the covered resting-place, but the idea of shade is not now prominent. A closely-built structure is, therefore, not necessary. The pillars must be far enough apart to give the plants that grow over them sun and air. Of course, I am not advocating a flimsy erection, and, indeed, I think the ideal English pergola is one built of uprights and beams of timber large enough to be called heavy. But those to whom such a structure would mean undue expense, or who would object to it on other grounds may get all that is necessary both for use and beauty with larch or other poles, with their bark left on. Only, there must be no "rustic work" to take away from the interest of the growth which will presently drape and festoon the whole length of pillar and crossbeam with living beauty.

A View of the Gardens at Stobo Castle

The Making of London

"London on Thames." By G. H. Birch, F.S.A., Curator of Sir John Soane's Museum. (Seeley and Co. London: 1903.)

Like every large inland town which can claim a place among the "ancient nobility" of the world's cities, London owes its rise to the river on which it is situated. In these days of land transport by means of steam and electricity, it is difficult to realise to the full the important part which navigable rivers have played in the history of the world. But even now in the lesser-known quarters of the globe it is along the line of the great streams that civilisation establishes its outposts; of this fact the Niger, the Congo, and the Amazon are notable examples. Thus the Thames has been inseparably bound up with the history of our great capital, from the time when it was called Llyn Din, "the city or fortress of the lake," to the comparatively recent days when watermen conveyed its citizens to the pleasure gardens of Vauxhall or Ranelagh.

Tacitus bears witness to the commercial value of the Thames to the citizens of London, and this value remains to the present day; but the time when Londoners resorted to it for purposes of pleasure would seem to be over. No longer is it the chief highway for royal progresses and civic pageants, such as the Lord Mayor's Show; even the humble waterman has been practically ousted by the cabman, who seems to have inherited his proverbial forcibility of expression from his predecessor if the order of 1701, restraining the latter from expressions offensive to all sober persons, and tending to the corruption of youth," be any criterion.

It is London as the city of the Thames which forms the subject of Mr. Birch's book, and the author never wanders far from the river banks. This does not argue scarcity of material; in fact, the whole of the author's ninety pages are packed full of information and anecdotes, so compressed that the reader, at times, wishes that the excessive concentration had been relieved by the expansion of the book to double its present length.

As is to be expected, a large part of the book is occupied in tracing the history of the various palaces and other important buildings which have graced the river banks during the long career of the city. Of the houses of the bishops and nobles few traces remain, save in the names of streets which traverse their former sites. This method of erecting tombstones, as it were, to the memory of former "Inns" is well seen in the case of York House, which was built for the Archbishop of York, but passed into the hands of the Duke of Buckingham. "The second Duke sold it for £30,000 to some speculators, who built streets and houses on the site, and fancifully named them after him George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, Buckingham Street. York House is commemorated by York Buildings."

This mansion is further distinguished by the fact that the beautiful old watergate by Inigo Jones still survives in the Embankment Gardens.

The element of fire, as well as that of water, has played an important part in the history of London. The old Houses of Parliament, Whitehall Palace, and many other mansions have fallen victims, besides the innumerable smaller buildings which the great fires of 1212 and 1666 consumed; but in some cases, notably the last, the ultimate result was good, in so far as the new buildings which rose from the ashes were less crowded, better built, and altogether more sanitary. The work of reconstruction, however, was not always undertaken with despatch, since the old Savoy Palace, after its destruction by Wat Tyler, remained a heap of blackened ruins for upward of a century. In connection with the rebuilding of London Bridge, after its partial destruction by fire, in 1136, it is pleasing to note the spirit of patriotism which pervaded even the commercial transactions of the day. After the death of Peter of Colechurch, the architect, before the completion of the bridge, the citizens refused to give the contract to "one Isenbert, master of the schools of Xainctes, who had already built or designed two bridges at Xainctes and Rochelle," though he was recommended by King John; they preferred to entrust the matter to three Englishmen, who eventually completed the work.

The lighter side of the Thames, the pageants, water sports and ice fairs which have taken place upon its surface, are well described in the book. The first have disappeared; of the second, the sole survival is the race of watermen for a coat and badge instituted by the Irish comedian Doggett; the last also, both from the mild winters of the past few years, and from the fact that the broad spans of latter-day bridges allow free passage to drift-ice, seem to be a thing of the past. Concerning yachting, an interesting extract is cited by the author: "Evelyn tells us that he sailed with His Majesty (Charles II.), on October 1, 1661, 'in one of his 'yatchts' or pleasure boats, vessels not known here till the Dutch East India Company presented that curious piece to the King, being very excellent sailing vessels.' It was on a wager between his other new pleasure boat, built frigate-like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager, £100; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back." The mention of the name of Evelyn recalls another point which is forced upon the attention of the reader, namely the

immense debt owed by later generations to him and Pepys for the details which they have bequeathed to us of the London of their day. From the pages of their diaries are taken the passages which are fullest of human interest, and which must surely convince the reader that the dry bones of history were once clothed in living flesh and blood.

Mr. Birch is to be congratulated on a work, which for its small compass must have entailed a vast amount of labour and research, its chief fault is, as has been remarked above, a suspicion of "overcrowding"; he has endeavoured to lighten the more purely historical portions by the use of the historic present, a device which is not altogether to be commended, chiefly because it is occasionally confusing to the reader. The illustrations, of which there is no lack, are mostly from old water-colour drawings and prints in various collections. J.A.J.

From *London-on-Thames*

One of London's Old Water Gates

TWO BOOKS ON WOODLAND LIFE

"The Kindred of the Wild." By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Charles Livingstone Bull. (London: Duckworth & Co.)

"A Little Brother to the Bear." By William J. Long. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. (Boston, U.S.A., & London: Ginn & Co.)

There is a type of book which is being produced in America to-day by several clever and observant writers and by one at least who approaches genius, which is something entirely new. Animal tales are as old as literature itself, but the tale which takes the animal as he is, and tells the story of his life as he actually lives it, either in a wild state or with reference to man, is a product of very recent years.

The point is made clear by a reference to the best-known animal stories. Let us take three, Æsop's Fables, Reynard the Fox, and Kipling's Jungle Books. In all of these the animals not only talk, but think and reason as human beings. Kipling, of course, would not be Kipling did he not present the actual characteristics of the persons of his drama so far as he had observed them, and no doubt if he had lived in the Indian jungle, as the American writers have lived in their own forests, with a single eye to the life of nature, we should have had a series of fine stories of genuine animal life, instead of animal life "frankly humanised."

If it is said, "Oh, but how can you make an actual tale out of animal life unless you humanise it?" We would reply, "Read the tales of Mr. Seton-Thompson, in books, such as 'Wild Animals I have known,'

and 'Lives of the Hunted.' Some of them are absolutely thrilling, but no animal ever opens his mouth to talk in them." It would take an essay to point out how Mr. Seton-Thompson imports such absorbing interest into his tales, but the basis of his power is certainly his intimate knowledge of wild life. It is a knowledge which American naturalists have peculiar opportunities for acquiring. (Mr. Seton-Thompson, by the way, is an Englishman who has lived most of his life in Canada.) Away from the big towns and settlements they can surround themselves with primal nature, and carry out their observations with a completeness that would be difficult in a more thickly populated country. And every backwoodsman is a naturalist to some extent. At the same time, there is abundant opportunity in our own country for work of this kind, and it is to be hoped that the increasing popularity of books such as those before us may inspire some English observers to tell us tales of the creatures of our own woods and wilds.

Mr. Charles D. Roberts opens his delightful book, "The Kindred of the Wild," with a very well-reasoned essay on the development of the animal story, to which we need not further refer. He then embarks on some fascinating stories, the heroes and heroines of which, amongst others, are an eagle, a wild goose, a doe, an owl, a lucifee, a panther; and there are three stories of the moose. In these, Mr. Roberts is at his best, and the finest of all is "The King of the Mamozekel," in which the life story of a giant moose is told up to the point where he tramples upon, and conquers, the fear that has held him all his life. There is something more in these stories than deep knowledge of the ways of wild creatures, the result of long and tireless observation. There is a feeling after the mysterious meaning of animal existence.

In the ancient forest, among the silent wilderness folk, things happen with the slow inexorableness of time. For days, for weeks, nothing may befall. Hour may tread noiselessly on hour, apparently working no change; yet all the time the forces are assembling, and at last doom strikes. The violence is swift, and soon done. And then the great still world looks inscrutable, unhurried, changeless as before.

There it is, the pathos, the apparent waste of it all, the mystery as deep as that of human life. There is no answer to the riddle. We can only, by such writings as these, be brought to the point of asking it. But that is something gained. Most of us are unaware that there is a riddle at all.

Mr. William J. Long, the author of "A Little Brother to the Bear," and many other books dealing with wild life in the woods, is an observer second to none amongst those of the new school, and he writes pleasantly of what he has observed, although his grammar is not always above reproach, and he makes use of Americanisms which have not yet been accepted into literature. But he does not weave the results of his observations into fascinating tales. And yet if Mr. Seton-Thompson or Mr. Roberts had never taught us what to expect, he might well have been hailed as the discoverer of a delightful new field. His are actual records of what he has seen, and they are full of interest. He expounds his philosophy of animal life in an introductory chapter entitled "The Point of View."

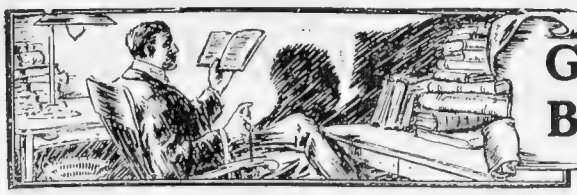
Beneath their fur and feathers (he writes) is their life; and a few observers are learning that their life also, with its faint suggestion of our own primeval childhood, is one of intense human interest. Some of them plan and calculate; and mathematics, however elementary, is (*sic*) hardly a matter of instinct. Some of them build dams and canals; some have definite social regulations; some rescue comrades; some bind their own wounds, and even set a broken leg, as will be seen in one of the following chapters. All higher orders communicate more or less with each other, and train their young, and modify their habits to meet changing conditions. These things, and many more quite as wonderful, are also facts. We are still waiting for the naturalist who will tell us truly what they mean.

Many of these wonderful things Mr. Long has seen for himself, and recounts in the following pages, to which our readers must be referred.

Both these books are got up in an attractive form, and both are fully and exceptionally well illustrated. They can be unreservedly commended to those who love the wild life of the woods and would know more about it. A. H. M.

ANGLO-AMERICANS

Perhaps "Anglo-Americans" (Fisher Unwin), like most books, is rather more for the libraries than for the library. But "Lucas Cleve's" will be widely read and popular, for the style is light and bright, the characterisation on fairly well-worn lines, and the incidents thrilling and possible, and quite often very amusing. The picture of a rich American's household and family in Boston is admirably given. The sketch of the head of the house, Samuel P. Perkins, from his school days to his murder late in life, is original and absurd, notwithstanding that the interposed initial letter in his name is a thing that has died out these many years. The story runs easily, and tells how Sadie Perkins tries to make her own happiness for herself, and finds in the long run that the power of sacrifice is a woman's strength. Both in America and in England Sadie moves among a crowd of well-drawn characters, all of whom are interesting and convincing. There is sometimes a trifle of effort in the working, as though the author should say, I will be clever here, I don't care what it costs. But on the whole it is, in its school, an effective piece of work, with a kindly worldly air about, and a clever contrast between American and English modes of thought. Lucas Cleve's *dicta* on life in general are expressed with so much *aplomb* that one is more than half inclined to accept her sometimes obvious deductions as ultimate wisdom. But if there are moments when the patience is a little strained, on the whole, "Anglo-Americans" is as pleasant as the real people. We do not remember to have read any book from this lady's facile pen which was so thoroughly entertaining. It should amuse Americans, who like to know how others see them, and English readers, and their name is legion, who want to know more of the current life and history of the people of the United States. E.M.



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Our Humorists

Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson, himself the writer of much dainty comedy, has been discoursing on "English Humorists of To-day" in the pages of the *Daily Mail*. One is agreeably surprised to find so goodly a roll-call, for there can be no healthier sign of the times than a generous element of humour in current literature. Mr. Marriott-Watson confines his survey to the avowed humorists, such as Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and others; but this is always an unsatisfactory way of dealing with the subject. Some of the best humour in our language is only incidental, as in Thackeray and Dickens; and two of the greatest humorists of the nineteenth century are still happily with us—Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy. They are examples of Euclid's proposition that "the greater includes the less."

Youth and Humour

It is noteworthy that most of our humourists are still comparatively young men, and many of them have been only some ten years before the public. Mr. H. G. Wells, who is only thirty-seven, published his first book, "Select Conversations with an Uncle," so recently as 1895, and four years earlier Mr. Barry Pain, whom I should judge to be about the same age, made his first and most notable success with "In a Canadian Canoe." Mr. Jerome, the arch-priest of the new humour (as it used to be called), is forty-four years of age, and "Three Men in a Boat" was published fourteen years ago; while Mr. Pett Ridge, also a young man and a bachelor, withal, began writing no farther back than 1890. Much of his early work, like that of Mr. J. M. Barrie, appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, and it was from the office of that journal his first book, "Telling Stories," was issued. The *Daily Mail* publishes a portrait of Mr. Pett Ridge, in which he is shown with an ample moustache; but like his friend Mr. Jerome, he has discarded this personal adornment for some years past. Mr. Barry Pain, however, has made up for their contempt of whiskers by cultivating a beard worthy of a churchwarden.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs

But the youngest looking of all our humourists, and, indeed, the youngest looking man of his age that I know, is Mr. W. W. Jacobs. It seems absurd to be told that the boyish-faced, slight, and fair-haired figure one notices occasionally at literary gatherings is that of the author of "Many Cargoes," who frankly confesses to being in his forty-first year. He would pass easily for twenty-five, and I never meet him without recalling an early piece of Mr. Barrie's journalistic writing descriptive of his own youthful appearance. I heard the Reverend R. J. Campbell confess, a few weeks ago, that he has often enjoyed an hour with one of Mr. Jacobs's books after the strain of a sermon at the City Temple. This is high testimony to the healthy qualities of the humorist's work, and it is a very happy state of affairs when one can say that all our humourous writers are as pure and wholesome as any authors whose works may grace the shelves of a minister's study. In fact, if I were asked to name an author suitable for "family reading" I should say, avoid the women writers, and choose at will among the works of the popular novelists.

Mr. Max Pemberton

Naturally there are exceptions, and these will readily occur to the mind of the well-informed reader; but no changes in taste or fashion can shake me from the opinion that, speaking generally, the healthiest and cleanest writers of our time are the men. I shall venture the assertion that nine out of every ten of the morbid, unwholesome novels written during the last ten or fifteen years have been the work of women. One of our brightest

Mr. Max Pemberton

Photo by] **Gabriele d'Annunzio** *Scintto*

and most manly romanticists is Mr. Max Pemberton, whose latest book, "Doctor Xavier," is having a well-merited success at this moment. This book is an excellent example of the difference between the methods of men and women. Had certain women writers whom one might name taken up the subject of a "beauty doctor" and his exploits, we can guess what the results would have been; but Mr. Pemberton has invested it with a fine touch of romance, and given us a story full of movement, colour, and legitimate sensation. Personally, this popular writer is one of the breeziest mortals I know. One seldom meets Mr. Pemberton when he is not hurrying away for a motor tour or returning from one. How he manages to produce so many books and to enjoy life so variedly I cannot tell. Apropos of the centenary of Madame Tussaud's, I may mention that Mrs. Pemberton is a daughter of the late Joseph Tussaud. Mr. Pemberton has, surely, good cause to believe in early marriages; although he only turned forty in June of this year, he will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of his wedding in the course of 1904.

The Motor in Fiction

Although Mr. Pemberton is one of the most enthusiastic motorists, he has not made much use of his experiences for fictional purposes; but the automobile is steadily taking its place in the literature of the hour. One of the happiest books in which it figured was "The Lightning Conductor," written by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, in the autumn of 1902. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, who used to live very sedately at an old farmhouse up the Thames valley, now spend a great part of each year careering through Europe on their car. Mrs. Williamson once told me that she "loves the smell" of the petrol! "The Motor Pirate" is a book just written by a new author, wherein the criminal possibilities of a high-speed automobile are suggested with a devilish ingenuity, and I happen to know than in Mr. Coulson Kernahan's next novel a motor-car plays a very prominent part. I believe that Mr. Richard Whiteing has even found the exhilaration of a motor run a distinct aid to composition. When his last novel was not progressing to his satisfaction, and he seemed to be wandering in a mental *cul de sac*, he got a friend to take him for a brisk spin along some country roads and returned with a new appetite for his work.

The Peasant in Literature

M. Pierre Loti is unquestionably among the finest writers whom France has produced in our time. I was glad to see that in her recent lecture on "The Peasant in Literature," Mrs. Humphry Ward gave a high place to his *Pecheur D'Islande*, a book for which we have no exact comparison in English. It contains all the best elements of our "idyllist," but has a far greater range of emotion and style than any of these can boast. It is worth remarking, I think, how faithfully Loti and other French authors render not only the spirit of places, but their actual features and names. That is to say, Paimpol and all the other towns and villages described in the romance bear their proper names, and are not disguised, as is the habit with English authors when writing of existing places.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs

The author of "Many Cargoes," and other popular sea stories

Some time ago I made a literary pilgrimage to that part of Brittany with which M. Loti deals in *Pecheur D'Islande*. There is a good story, by-the-bye, of a certain professor at an American college who translated the title of this book as "Fisherman of the Island." I am also told that an eminent Boston lady lectured recently for two hours, during which she had to mention some scores of times the name Penelope. She pronounced it in two syllables only!

Gabriele D'Annunzio

The vogue of Dante in England at present is a reminder that we have, in an Italian poet and dramatist to-day, one who is thought worthy of ranking with the author of "The Divine Comedy," and with the illustrious Leonardo da Vinci. Gabriele D'Annunzio is just forty years of age, but he has achieved European fame, and there are some who believe him to be the herald, or, better, the leader of a new era in Italian literature. Like all writers of strong personality, he has worked some of his admirers to absurd antics of devotion, and I remember the staid and sober pages of the *Quarterly Review* throbbing and thrilling, some three years ago, with a tremendous panegyric of this Italian author. "Submitting to what seems a law of growth, he takes the prose which is on men's lips, since they will not endure rhyme or formal poetry, and refines, adorns, deepens it, until it astonishes, yet charms, as if it were the style of the gods." Oh, the things this darling of the gods has done according to the *Quarterly* reviewer! I'm not sure that Dante and Virgil don't play second fiddles when Gabriele D'Annunzio comes to the orchestra. All this is the usual British gush over an exotic—you remember the Ibsen *furore*—and only in a minor degree is it at all justified or sincere. D'Annunzio is an author of rare and individual mind and style, with a splendid gift of poetic and dramatic instinct; but in much of his later work there is the strong odour of the decadent artist—unwholesomeness. Boccaccio had a rude and lusty joy in life, which led to the excesses of his manner; but about D'Annunzio's "City of Death," for example, there are the fumes of chloral, an oppressive sense that this play is unhealthy. I think the first of his books to gain attention in England was "The Triumph of Death," translated in 1896; but he has been writing since 1880, in which year, at the age of sixteen, he made his first venture as a poet. D'Annunzio is a Tuscan by birth, and was educated at Prato, in Tuscany, and the University at Rome. He is a member of the Italian Chamber, and resides in Florence.

J. A. H.

M. Paul Hervieu (centre), reading his new play "Le Dédale" Mme. Bartet is on the author's right, and M. Le Bargy the well-known actor, is to the extreme right of the picture

Reading a Play at the Théâtre Français

Bridge. By "Problematicus"

The chief difficulty which confronts the beginner who has mastered the leads and calls is his or her inability to remember, towards the end of a hand, what cards have been played. The best way to acquire a Bridge memory is to play Bridge, and, again, to play Bridge. But it is possible to shorten the process of acquiring a Bridge memory considerably by observing two or three simple rules.

In the first place, do not look at your own hand, but watch the play. There are few things more dispiriting at Bridge than to be blighted by a partner who keeps a continuous, earnest, studious gaze on his own hand, and is continually saying, "May I see the last trick, please?" It is not so much that it wastes time, and that the sight of the last trick for the most part conveys absolutely nothing to him, as the fact that all that earnest study of his own hand is earnest study thrown away. When you have sorted your hand, count the cards in it, take one good earnest look at it, and then let it be and watch the fall of the cards.

Secondly, as the cards fall, murmur to yourself, under your breath, the suit and value of each card in each trick; like this, "Clubs: seven, four, queen, ace"; "Diamonds: queen, nine, three of trumps, ten of diamonds." This purely memoria-technical device does not sound exceedingly valuable, but it is. I have known very fine whist-players use it. After a while you will do it unconsciously.

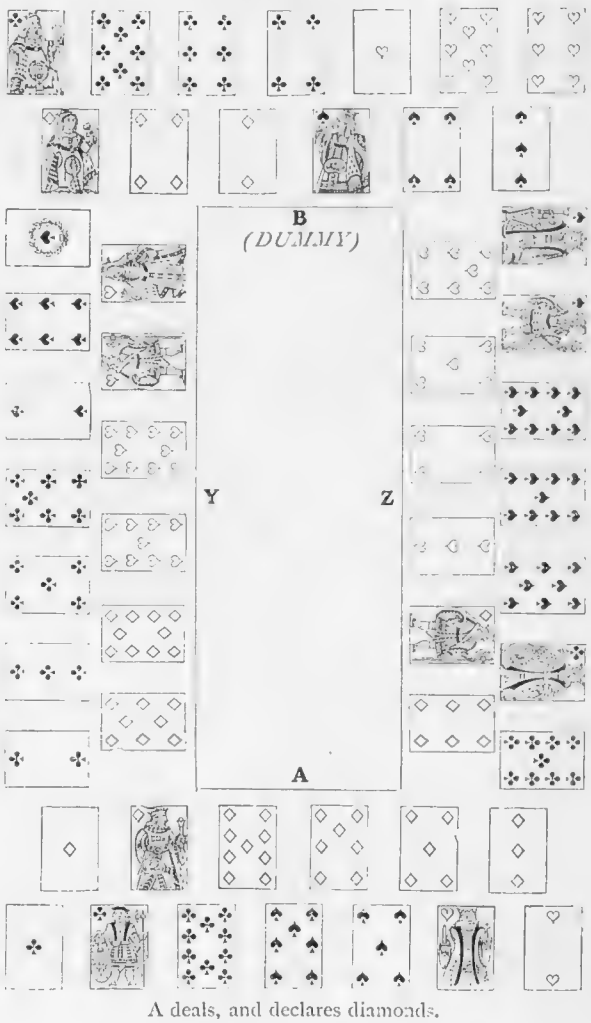
Thirdly, don't play too slowly. It is my misfortune to play sometimes with a long-eared nuisance, who, having in his hand but a single card of the suit led, will hesitate for twenty seconds whether he shall play it or not; and his hesitation, if he have two or more cards, increases by geometrical progression. The result is, that, at the end of six tricks, all the good players at the table, who have accustomed their memories to work quickly and to rid themselves quickly of previous hands, are in a state of hopeless muddle as to what cards have been played and what have not. Learn as soon as you can to play quickly, with your mind concentrated on the game; you will the sooner learn to remember the fall of the cards.

Last week I dealt with the necessity of giving your partner every indication possible of the cards you hold in your hand when there is a declaration of Trumps. When there is a declaration of No-Trumps this is quite as necessary. The call by Discard is the most important discard. If you have but a moderately strong suit, you inform your partner that you wish it led by discarding from your weak suits. But if you have a really strong suit, you can call by discarding from it. Thus, if you have a Quint major or a Quint to the king, you can call in once by discarding the Ace of the former, the king of the latter. If you have five or six of a suit to a tierce major, you call for it to be led as you call for a ruff, by discarding a higher and then a lower card from it.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM III.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♥ 8	♥ Q	♥ K	♥ 2
2	♥ 3	♥ A	♥ J	♥ 4
3	♦ 4	♦ J	♦ Q	♦ A
4	♣ 3	♣ 6	♣ 7	♣ Q
5	♣ 8	♣ 10	♣ 9	♣ 2
6	♣ K	♣ A	♠ 9	♣ 4
7	♠ 2	♠ 3	♠ 10	♠ Q
8	♠ 6	♦ 5	♠ J	♣ J
9	♥ 5	♦ 10	♦ 3	♣ 5
10	♠ 7	♠ K	♦ 9	♠ 4
11		♠ A		
12		♠ 8		
13		♠ 5		

PROBLEM IV.



A deals, and declares diamonds.

A & B make the Little Slam.

A solution of this problem will be given next week.

NOTE:—A competition with good prizes for successful contestants will be announced in our next issue.

OUR SHORT STORY

JERMYN'S CHANCE

By ELLA MACMAHON

Jermyn was standing at the door of the Hôtel Bristol. He had an unlighted cigar in his fingers, and seemed preoccupied. So he was preoccupied, and with his own affairs, too, which was not usual.

In appearance, he was an Englishman of medium height—very strongly built, rather of that build, to which the epithet "hulking" is sometimes applied. But Lionel Jermyn was not hulking; he was clean-made and active, and his frame was quite in keeping with his fresh-coloured face and bright brown eyes.

As he stood there, his eyes blinking in the brilliant sunshine, and his ears filled with the ceaseless clamour of the Roman streets, he was thinking of his life, of what he had done with it, and made of it. It seemed to him that he might have made it a much better thing than it was. Yet up to the present it had satisfied him amply. It was a varied sort of existence no doubt; here to-day and away to-morrow. It is difficult to describe that career in so many words. For Jermyn was not a diplomatist, although he had done much diplomatic work; nor was he a political agent—though he had been the moving spirit of more than one political mission and embassy. Perhaps the term "moving spirit" best describes him, because his work was unseen. He was one of those of whom the public know nothing, but who nevertheless play a part of considerable importance in negotiations of whose existence the public only know by their effect upon public affairs—if, indeed, they know at all. A first-rate linguist, an enthusiastic traveller, Jermyn had proved himself on more than one occasion of value to the powers that be in—Downing-street. Men who knew, believed that Jermyn would "arrive" one of these days. He believed it himself. He believed that sooner or later the chance would be given him of doing some signal service. When the chance came he felt he would be ready. He was content to wait meantime. That is to say he had been content until a little while ago. But there was now a difference. And this, too, was why he was standing irresolutely at the door of his hotel, instead of betaking himself, as all Rome was doing at that instant, to the sunny walks of the Pincio.

And the reason of all this? To be quite accurate, the reason was at that minute sitting on a penny chair near the bandstand of the Pincio, waiting for Jermyn to come and talk to her. And Jermyn was saying to himself that he would have no business to do anything of the kind, for he knew that he had no reasonable prospect in his case. And he was unreasonable enough to want some wonderful thing to happen to fling fortune into his hands. The chance was nearer than he imagined. No later than *table d'hôte* luncheon to-day she had told him that she was going to the Pincio after tea, and that if he cared to come and sit beside her, it would be—well, not disagreeable to her.

He wanted to go so badly; yet he did not stir. Nor, perhaps, would he have gone, but for a party of people who, coming out, forced him to move aside to let them pass. Two elderly ladies and one young lady formed the party, with, in their wake, a tall, good-looking young man. Jermyn's eyes followed the latter, who, as they left the hotel, joined the young lady and walked with her. Not that Jermyn cared a pin about that. All the men in the world might talk to Miss Beriot. Miss Beriot was nothing to him. But somebody who was all the world to him seemed to find Hammersley very pleasant. Hammersley was the name of the man who was walking with Miss Beriot, walking to the Pincio, where she would be—free—for Hammersley to monopolise her for the rest of the afternoon. Hammersley was rich. And Hammersley was a good fellow.

Jermyn frowned. Next, he suddenly flung away his unlighted cigar; a piece of extravagance eloquent of the disturbance of his usually well-balanced mind. Jermyn, indeed, never threw away things of value, least of all a good cigar in Italy. Finally he procured one of his smartest sticks, and followed Hammersley to the Pincio as fast as his feet could carry him.

"She" was occupying her penny chair in the semi-circle round the band-stand, and wondering if Jermyn meant to come. When at length he appeared she saw him first. When he reached the plateau, she puckered her face into a frown that was half a smile, because he did not instantly see where she was. All the same, when he did discover and approach her, her head was turned away so carefully that he could only catch sight of the bunch of violets in her hat. She brought her face slowly round with the most approved carelessness.

"Oh, Mr. Jermyn! So you have come up!"

As she spoke she just touched the skirt of her dress, and by a faint flutter of her eyelids indicated that there was a vacant chair still left, beside her.

Yet Jermyn had no sooner taken possession of it than she turned about and resumed her conversation with her chaperon. He was calling himself a fool and a conceited ass, when she turned her eyes full upon him again.

"What a crowd there is to-day," she said to him. "But then it is Thursday, and the best band always plays on Thursdays and Sundays," was her highly intelligent remark.

"Yes, to be sure, on Thursdays and Sundays,"

murmured Jermyn with equal intelligence, because the blue depths of her eyes stupefied when they did not dazzle him.

"It is a wonderful crowd," she continued, "all nations and kindreds and tongues. Ah! there is Mr. Hammersley,"; she bowed and smiled. "How English he looks, so fresh, and well set up. And there is Miss Beriot, in another wonderful gown, as usual"; and she sighed and withdrew her eyes from Jermyn's face to Miss Beriot's Parisian toilette.

Why did she sigh when she looked at Miss Beriot? Miss Beriot was walking with Hammersley. Could any inference be plainer? Jermyn, in depths of gloom concluded it could not. Her voice broke in upon him quickly.

"Mr. Jermyn, see how that man is staring at us, *there* in that carriage with the antediluvian cab-horses. Look, quick! He is staying at the Bristol."

"Is he?" returned Jermyn indifferently. But as he looked at the man his indifference vanished. He encountered the other's stare steadily, and saw a fat, putty-faced individual, who might have been one of almost any of the races that people the Eastern hemisphere—except the Anglo-Saxon.

The fat man stared brazenly. But, for all that, his gaze was not as tranquil as that of Jermyn.

A second later the carriage had gone by. Jermyn's companion was still speaking. "Yes, he is at the Bristol—came last night. He is the Count de Something or Other. I couldn't read the name clearly in the list." She laughed, a little rippling laugh. "Why does staying at an hotel engender vulgar curiosity about one's neighbour? Yes, I found out all about him. The other is his private secretary. The fat man is a very high and mighty personage, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, I believe, and all that, you know."

"Is he?" said Jermyn briefly. When he had last known the fat man that gentleman had been a member of the Greek Church.

"Yes. Oh! my people are going. They do so fuss about the sunset hour."

Jermyn looked blank.

"You've only been here about ten minutes," he said in remonstrance.

"*You* have only been here," corrected his companion; "we were here ever so long before you came." She smiled as she stood up. "*Au revoir*, Mr. Jermyn," and Jermyn felt himself dismissed.

He had not intended returning to his hotel so early. Nevertheless, he went there, straight as the needle to the pole, for the magnet was there that drew him.

He went into the smoking-room when he arrived. Two men were there before him. One of the two was the man whom Gladys Maitland had declared to be the private secretary to the Count of the Holy Roman Empire; the other was a stranger. They were sipping the inevitable *caffé nero*, and smoking, and talking. Instantly Jermyn's mind forsook his own affairs, and fixed itself upon the problem of these men's presence. What had brought them here? What had brought the fat man? Heaven only knew. Still, Jermyn knew a good deal about the fat man. More, perhaps, than anyone, even more than that individual himself, supposed. Jermyn knew, for example, that the appearance of the fat man was as sure an indication of stormy weather in international affairs as the flying petrel is to the sailor. Jermyn took up an English daily paper, three days old, and sat down. As he glanced at it, his eye fell upon a paragraph, tucked away in an insignificant corner of the open sheet, a telegram dealing with obscure frontier troubles in India. As Jermyn's eyes finished reading its half a dozen lines, they reverted, curiously enough, to the two men who were sipping black coffee within a few yards of him. Their conversation was evidently engrossing. So much so, that they unconsciously raised their voices, oblivious of Jermyn's presence. They spoke in a tongue which they probably considered quite safe not to be understood in a hotel, but it happened to be understood by Jermyn.

Jermyn sat very still, seemingly immersed in his English newspaper. They did not take any notice of him, nor he of them. When a little later they rose and left the room, if they had looked (which they did not) they would have seen that the Englishman's eyes were closed, apparently in slumber. But Jermyn was not asleep. He was remarkably wide awake, and thinking deeply. He had found out why the fat man was in Rome and whither he was bound. And he had found out, moreover, that his own chance had come in a moment when he had least expected it. To be sure it was only a bare chance; but if chances were certainties the world would be over-run with great men.

Jermyn opened his eyes. It was worth trying. He rose. Yes, it could be done in the time; at least it was possible, just possible. But he might be a hare-brained fool even to try it. To begin with, it meant leaving what he had been put to do in Rome, for a week, and to leave without having had time to ask for permission. But if he succeeded that would be pardoned. *If?* Were he to fail things might not be so pleasant. He would earn a reprimand and, worse, suffer a diminished respect for his sagacity. Should he risk it? Who was he that he should try to play ducks and drakes with the destinies of nations? Nothing less here was involved than the peace of Europe, and more than that, even the existence, possibly, of England's Empire in India. And he had just got the key to much that was agitating more than one *chancellerie* and his own Government especially at that moment. It was a great chance, and a chance that might mean so much to him. It might mean anything between obscurity and prominence with his employers, between comparative poverty and that income in four figures that he wanted so badly, between his suit and—Hammersley's. Thursday—he made another rapid calculation—he had promised to join the Maitlands' picnic to Tivoli on the following Tuesday! That must be given up. For a second he blenched. Give it up for a mere hazardous chance, and leave Hammersley to walk over the course in all probability; give it up without as much as daring to utter one word of explanation to *her*! Was it worth it? Yet, without this chance or something of the sort, the mere idea of entering the lists against Hammersley must be relinquished. He thrust doubt and irresolution from him, and went out to his bankers in the Piazza di Spagna.

Before the visitors sat down to *table d'hôte* at the Bristol that evening, Jermyn was driving up the Via Nazionale to the railway-station. His Gladstone was tucked away under the seat. No one would have suspected him of being a traveller. He was in Paris almost before Gladys Maitland began to wonder why she didn't see him in the hotel. Yet his destination was no nearer to Rome than Charing Cross. Jermyn left Rome on Thursday night; he had calculated that he could get to his destination by Saturday evening, barring accidents—and he did.

From Charing Cross he drove straight to the house of His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

His lordship was not in town. His lordship had gone to Paris that morning.

Jermyn, on the doorstep, felt the stupefaction that follows a sharp blow. But he was not long recovering.

His lordship's address in Paris?

The man named the hotel.

The hansom with Jermyn's bag was still waiting. Jermyn jumped into the cab.

"Charing Cross," he called to the cabby.

There was just time for the Continental express at nine.

From the Gare du Nord, next morning, Jermyn went forthwith to the Foreign Secretary's hotel.

Milor was not up, the *concierge* informed him. Scarcely anybody was up yet.

Jermyn wrote a note, and directed that it be given as soon as his lordship was awake. Then he asked for a room and a bath, changed, shaved and breakfasted, and was ready for the Foreign Secretary when the latter summoned him.

An hour's conversation ensued. At the end of which the Foreign Minister stood up:

"My dear Jermyn," he said, and he laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder with much good will, "You have been, as you always are, commendably prompt. Your information is very valuable, because it gives me the key to much that has been troublesome and inexplicable; *but* if you can, as you believe, induce Baron Waldermann to refuse the loan which 'our friend' is hastening to negotiate on the terms you mention, I need hardly say it will put me in a position to acknowledge such a service substantially. You seem very sure of Waldermann?" he concluded, with a swift, keen glance.

"He is my friend," returned Jermyn simply. "There is a little bond between us—I can scarcely explain——." It was the only time Jermyn had hesitated throughout the interview. He could not explain, without a breach of trust, that once he had done Waldermann a substantial service, and saved him from very great danger at considerable personal risk. "He will do it for me," he concluded quietly, "if only I get to him in time. For, if he promise, he will not go back on his word. It is a mere question of time; if I see him before the other, we are all right."

"I trust so," returned the Foreign Minister. "And, at any rate, you have forewarned us. I will accede to no proposal whatever from a certain quarter till you have succeeded—or failed. The former, I hope. If you keep Europe out of war——" he paused significantly ". . . . well, good-bye. I expect to go home to-morrow. Wire to me from Berlin; you have the cipher? Yes. Good-bye."

Jermyn was in Berlin as fast as the train could get him there. As he drove to Waldermann's house he felt triumphant. He had done it!

But not quite.

Baron Waldermann was not in Berlin. He was at the Villa Ridolfo, his lovely place on the Gulf of Spezzia. He had gone thence two days ago. One deep, despairing oath was wrung from Jermyn's lips. Spezzia! Cross-travelling! He groaned; he knew so well what it meant. He had to wire his failure to see Waldermann to Downing-street, and that hurt him cruelly. But he started off undauntedly, despite everything, for Spezzia.

During this last journey one question haunted him night and day: "Where was the fat man?" With Waldermann, or speeding back to a far capital, secure in the power to attack England at a vulnerable point, and possibly re-write the maps of Europe and Asia in the near future? Well, if he failed, he failed; and to Hammersley and opulence be the prize. Yet even that galling prospect was secondary now; for every nerve in him strained to beat the fat man, with whom, in truth, he had an old score to settle. Meantime the suspense nearly drove him mad. At Chiasso he could have cheerfully murdered the Customs' officials. During the last few hours, as he jolted down to Genoa, the vision of the fat man getting to Waldermann before him pursued him ceaselessly.

Spezzia! Spezzia! at last. He tore through the small station heedless of howling *facchini*, and sprang into a little open carriage. As they climbed the hill he felt the carriage too slow for him. This race was telling on Jermyn's nerves. He insisted on leaving the carriage and ran, actually *ran* up the steep olive-covered slopes he knew so well.

When he came in at the garden gate and saw Waldermann *alone*, facing the vine-trellised terrace, his strength failed him. A blindness struck his eyes. The whole bay danced up and down, and round and round, like a whirligig or a roulette table. Only by a last supreme effort he steadied himself and went forward. Waldermann turned at the sound of his footsteps and saw him.

"Jermyn, my very dear Jermyn, what kind wind has blown you here?"

But Jermyn could only find voice to reply to Waldermann's question by another. Nevertheless, when he heard that he had beaten the fat man, his wits returned. Yes; he had beaten the fat man by one hour. Jermyn drew a long breath. Great heavens, it was a near thing!

"I expect him at two, it is now one," said Waldermann briefly; and when Jermyn explained, the former asked but one question. "Will it benefit you personally? Yes? Then I will do it for you. But you will be good enough to tell your Government, my very dear Jermyn, that it is for you, for you. for *you*, that I do it. England has not been very courteous to me on certain occasions," he smiled; "you are a great nation, and a mighty, and you are

rich and can afford much, very much; but you cannot afford to be rude and to make the feelings of others to be hurt, and this you do, if it so please you. But the others do not like it and do not forget. Let your Government understand that they have to thank you. No, no; do not thank me, there is no such thing among true friends. Now come and see my garden, eh! You cannot stay? No? You are hurried? Rome, you say?" He wrinkled up his heavy eyebrows, and a twinkle came into his eyes; "then 'she' is in Rome? Ah—h!—I have hit the mark? How do I know? Because I know, because I have never before known you greedy for promotion or lucre."

Jermyn faced him squarely.

"A man without means has no right ——"

"No, but why be without means? If you would only let me——There, there, I will not say it. *Ach!* but you are a strange people you English, with your *verdammt* pride."

They both laughed. Waldermann gave the younger man an affectionate shove.

"Go, go back to Rome. Only I hope she is pretty?"

"That is goot," said his friend, as soon as Jermyn's raptures would let him get in a word.

"To be beautiful is the highest expression of a woman's destiny. Go and prosper, and"—his eyes twinkled again—"I will make you a little loan. *Tchut!* Be silent. I do not mean to hurt your pride, which is of Lucifer, my very dear friend. I will make you a little loan—yes, and you will take it—I will lend you this place for your honeymoon. Poof! but you blush beautifully. Now go, for every minute is an hour—a lifetime! Oh, but I know! I know! Well, you must bring her to see me. And I will send your wife a leetle, leetle wedding-gift. Oh, yes. Do not interrupt. It is quite proper. An old man may send a wedding-gift to a charming young lady who is the bride of his dear friend. Now, go."

And Jermyn went, and, as he drove down the hill to the station, he met the fat man driving up. And when Jermyn's carriage had turned the corner of the road, Jermyn took off his hat and threw it in the air and shouted hurrah—to the inexpressible alarm of the Italian driver.

But perhaps Jermyn shouted hurrah too soon. He thought so himself when he took his place once more at luncheon in the Hôtel Bristol. It was Thursday, one week exactly since he had sat there. His absence had lost him his seat beside Gladys Maitland. That seat was now occupied by Hammersley. When luncheon was over, she walked from the *salle à manger* with Hammersley. Jermyn was absolutely unnoticed. But Jermyn was not so to be disposed of. He stood full in her path as she was leaving the room. She could not even pretend not to see him; nor did she. On the contrary, she looked him up and down, as only a woman can, without uttering a word.

"I owe you an apology," he said straightforwardly, "for my failure to join your picnic on Tuesday. I was more sorry than I can say, but if you will——"

She cut him short with a curt laugh. "Isn't your apology due to Mrs. Maitland (her cousin and chaperon) rather than to me."

"I will certainly apologise to Mrs. Maitland. But I should like you to know first. I cannot explain here, but——"

Again the curt laugh cut his words short. "I assure you," she began, coldly, "the whole thing is not worth such elaborate——"

"But if I may come up to the Pincio, for instance, later on?" pursued Jermyn imperturbably.

"My dear Mr. Jermyn, the Pincio is public property." Her accents would have quenched most men's speech.

"And if you will give me a few minutes alone with you, I think I shall be able to explain," he concluded, mildly.

Her silence may have meant consent, but it was scarcely encouraging.

"At least I am entitled to a hearing," said Jermyn, with patient persistence.

She moved with a slightly petulant gesture.

"Oh, certainly; don't let us be tragic, please."

"Thank you," said Jermyn courteously. "Then I will meet you at four—shall we say four?—near the bandstand."

He stood aside and let her pass.

"Let us go a little way out of the crowd," he said to her as he joined her at the appointed time.

She acquiesced. Perhaps she had relented a little. Perhaps it was only that her curiosity was aroused. They walked away from the central promenade till they came to where the Pincio grounds fringe the gardens of the Villa Borghese. Jermyn turned his back on the Pincio walks and faced the Borghese gardens. His companion followed suit with elaborate carelessness.

"Now," he said, "for my explanation."

She smiled sarcastically.

"What a fuss about a mere trifle."

"Nothing," he said—and he looked full into her eyes—"is a trifle to me where *you* are concerned."

"This day week," he continued, with his inimitable persistence, "I was here with you before. Let me tell you the history of that week. It is a profound secret, no one in Rome will ever know it except yourself."

She edged nearer to him at this. The woman is not born who is proof against a profound secret.

Twenty minutes later: "And Hammersley, poor wretch?" murmered Jermyn.

His companion dropped her eyes demurely. Hammersley was forgotten.

There was no European war, of course. But there were two Cabinet Councils in Downing-street, and in the Easter recess, too. And everybody set about guessing the probable reason. But scarcely anybody guessed rightly. And nobody even thought of Jermyn. Only a little while ago he happened to be given a particularly coveted appointment, as well as being gazetted to a C.M.G. Then, indeed, people wanted to know who on earth he was, and why he should get plumes and ribbons and such-like. And the few who did know, or guess something, said:

"Good chap, Jermyn. Solid man. Not brilliant, but born with a silver spoon in his mouth, by Jove!"

And perhaps that was true enough. But I should not advise anyone to say it to Jermyn's wife.

SEOUL

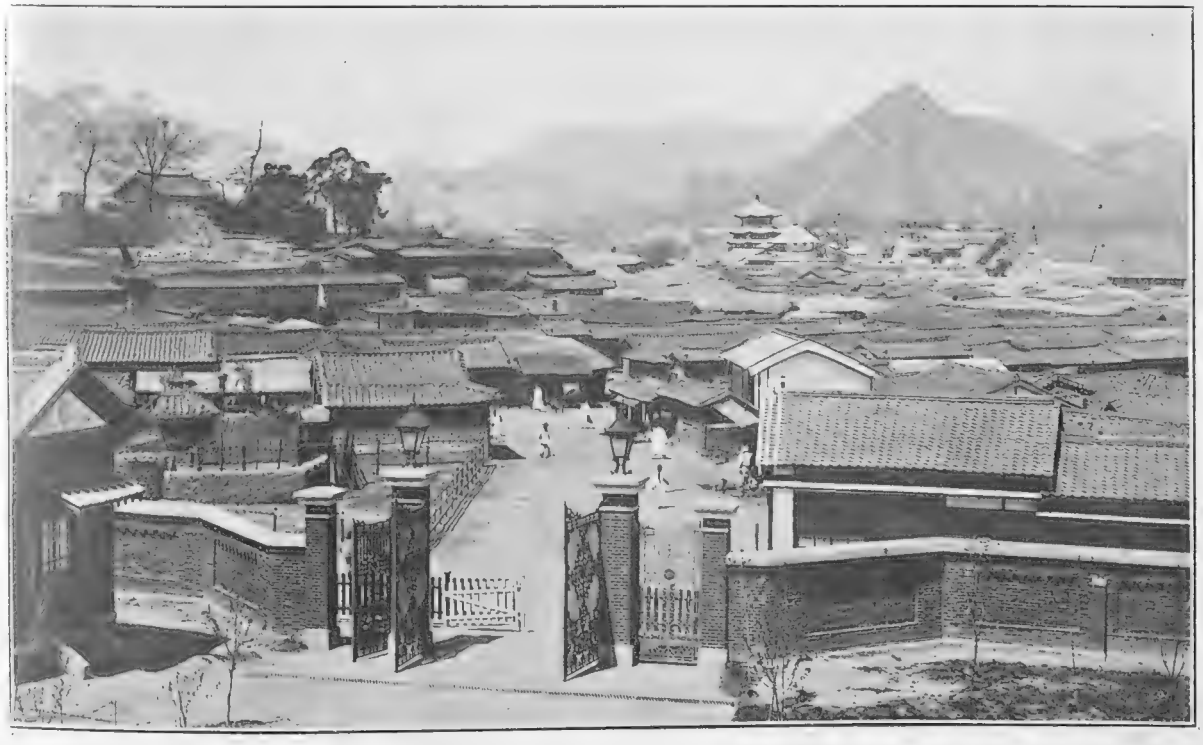
The Capital of Korea, which is at present the bone of contention between Russia and Japan.

Once in every few years Korea appears to attract for a time the attention of the political world in Europe, as in Asia and America. The crisis which now marks the relations existing between Russia and Japan is concerned directly with the affairs of The Land of The Morning Calm. If it were not for the invidious attentions which the unhappy little kingdom so constantly receives from Russia or Japan, it is not impossible to believe that Korea might pass into undisturbed obscurity. The reform movement in Korea has moved apace. The transformation has been gradual, but the work has continued without any very great flourish of trumpets, until at the present time the capital of the empire can bear witness to as many Western innovations as any centre in the Far East. Electric light illuminates the palace and the principal streets, electric tramcars give a rapid means of communication within the city, and an admirable train service connects the capital with its port at Chemulpo. There is a capital hotel—the Station Hotel—there are also a few "foreign-style" shops conducted by Europeans, and, of course, there is a large settlement of Japanese.

"Young Korea."

Japanese Influence Paramount

Colonies of Japanese, prosperous and noisy centres of commerce, have sprung up in every treaty port in the country. Japanese influence is paramount throughout the land; the Korean peasantry is entangled in the meshes of Japanese money-lenders, and Korean officialdom is dominated by the far-reaching powers of the Japanese advisers who are attached to the Imperial *entourage*. Commercially, however, the prospect is not very alluring; local markets find a ready sale for their products in Japan and China, and foreign merchants find that it is impossible to make any headway against Japanese competition. The industry of the country is, in the main, confined to agriculture; there is a little mining and a few mining concessions have been granted to foreign syndicates, who are, at present, in the throes of development



The City Gates of Seoul

Types of Korean Children

A Retrogressive Race

As a people, the Koreans are curiously disappointing. Many centuries ago, Korea became the instructor of Japan, and her learned men were the equal of the philosophers, poets, and artists of China. Now, however, this knowledge of art and literature has passed away, and there is no indication of that spirit of culture and delicacy which distinguishes the Japanese and Chinese. The secrets of the art work, in which Korean workmen once excelled—in the inlaying of silver and gold upon iron, in the manufacture of furniture, in the casting of pottery—have been forgotten, and to-day, in Korea, it is a work of infinite labour to pick up any trifle which is not of Japanese importation and imitation. In the palace, too, the same absence of any objects of native workmanship may be observed, for, unlike China and Japan, where there is a strong appreciation of the beautiful in art, the artistic faculty in the Korean appears to have been obliterated.

Gentle and Downtrodden

The Koreans are, however, wonderfully gentle in their manners, quite impassive in their bearing, and without any ambition. Enterprise is dead. They are quite powerless against the menaces of the Russians or the domination of the Japanese, and, as they possess neither an efficient navy nor an effective army, their powers of resistance are singularly limited. Korea can offer no resistance to any development that may spring out of the present situation. She may be annexed by Japan, converted by Russia into a province of the eastern Empire, or swallowed piecemeal by the Powers; but under whatever process it may be, she is quite indifferent to the consequences. The spirit of the people has been crushed out of them by long years of misery and want, by the extortion of the officials, and by their constitutional incapacity to make "a show" for themselves.

A Korean Lad

"Women May Work"

Peace-loving, they will go to any lengths to avoid a disturbance, just as they will put aside the most serious task to bask for a few minutes in the sunshine. So long as they may do nothing, so long as they may lie in the sunshine gossiping and smoking, so long as they can enforce the labour of their women as a means to their own existence, the Koreans will be contented. As individuals, they are abnormally vain, and, as a race, they are still contemplating the world with that degree of superiority which, centuries ago, enabled them to withstand the attacks of China and Japan with no undoubted success.

A Typical Scene in Seoul

Electric Cars in Seoul
An American company owns the system, which is extensively patronised by the Koreans

They do not affect to regard foreigners with that disdain which is so characteristic of the Chinese, but, in a quiet way, they are convinced that with any standard of comparison, they, as the inhabitants of Korea, are first, and that the rest are nowhere.

The Navy—one Coal-lighter

Lastly, "in view of the attacks which foreigners have levelled against the tranquillity of this land," the Korean Government purchased a coal-lighter from a Japanese steamship company. This is intended to serve as the nucleus of the Korean Navy. The sum paid for this boat was very nearly thirty thousand pounds. Aside from the absurdity of the entire proceeding, this foolish squandering of the Imperial revenues was justified in an Imperial decree of which the above quotation is an extract. In the event of war, it may be presumed, therefore, that this former coal-barge will make a new appearance, although in the meantime an angry argument exists in Seoul as to the possibility of letting it as a fishing-junk. Those who oppose this measure wish to break it up for the material it contains.

The Koreans are an Idle, Lazy Race

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A SCOTCH BEAUTY

Miss Mary Fraser

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

AN IRISH BEAUTY

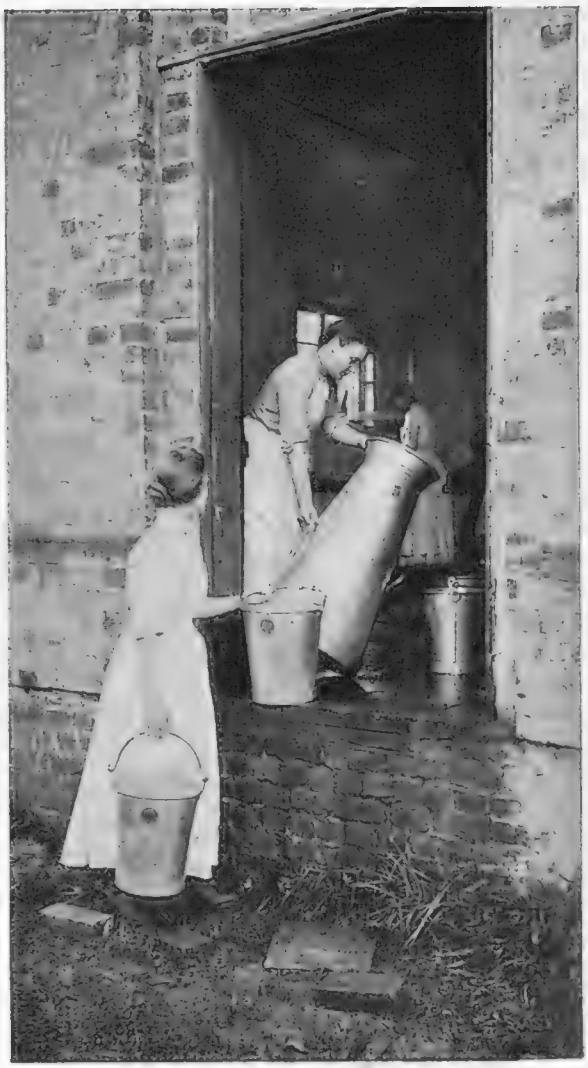
Mrs. Evelyn Corrie

Photo by *Lafayette, Dublin*

LADY FARMERS

The interest which the Countess of Warwick takes in woman's work in the world is so well known, that but a few words are needed to explain the accompanying illustrations of the school, lately opened for the purpose of instructing girls in dairy farming,

Forcing Food down a Chicken's Throat to Fatten for the Early Market



The Whole Process of Milking, and even of Sending Out the Milk, Has to be Learnt

Learning to Milk

Separating Cream is more Dainty Work, and Requires much Skill

Making Cream Cheeses

Making Butter

for lady farmers, at Studley Castle, Warwickshire. The idea of such a school was so successfully carried out at Reading as to create the necessity for a larger establishment. A glance at the accompanying illustrations is sufficient to show that the students at Studley Castle live the "strenuous life." Directly they elect to take up a course of instruction they plunge into a busy world. It becomes a question of rolling up the sleeves and doing hard manual labour. There are no underlings on the premises, all the heavy work on the farm being done by the lady students. The instruction is of the most minute kind, every detail of the work being explained by competent instructors. Added to the interest of the work, there are the health-giving properties always associated with life in the open air. A few weeks' residence at Studley Castle works wonders with the pupils. "Up in the morning early," they set out upon their self-imposed tasks with a vigour and energy which would astonish their sisters in town. The Countess of Warwick personally superintends the work of the students. She is ever ready with a word of encouragement for the beginner, of praise for good work achieved. Lady Warwick, by her initiation in the matter, has considerably enlarged the ever-widening field of woman's work.

Churning is Hard but Interesting Work

PARTY POLITICS

By INGLIS ALLEN

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The 'bus rumbles slowly along the straggling suburban road between rows of silent red brick houses and oppressively shuttered shops. From my seat at the back I survey the scene over which reigns that potent atmosphere of semi-animate decorum which has power to penetrate to one's very study at home—the atmosphere of Sunday afternoon. The very posters on the hoardings upon which the sun shines so inexorably seem conscious of the day. Couples or trios of little girls in high button boots and with their hair in careful ringlets walk sedately along the lifeless pavements; here and there an uncomfortable boy in the mortar-board or deerstalker hat hovers aimlessly at a street-corner with an air of trying to make the best of a bad job. The conversation, or rather the monologue, of the young woman in front of me, on the 'bus, is beginning to tire me somewhat, consisting as it does, solely of a self-righteous account in the *Oratio recta* of an interminable duologue between herself and a nameless lad (who would seem to have been no match for her), varied by occasional references to a mysterious third party of the name of "Young Bert"—the whole punctuated from time to time by stolid grunts from a bovine escort.

I am glad when the 'bus stops at last at the entrance to the Common, and descend the steps with alacrity, striving to turn a deaf ear to the importunity of a professional photographer, whose evident determination to photograph me here and now against the porch of a more than usually disreputable beer-shop causes me a good deal of uneasiness. However, the couple behind prove my salvation, and I slip away down the road, and, eluding the second outpost—an expectant man in an apron with a proffered repast of ginger beer and peardrops—strike out across the open Common.

It is not until now that I fully realise how fine a day it is—one of those rare, sunny spring days when the blood seems to course more generously through the veins, and the whole system to be infected with the vigour and promise of the bright young year. Yet even out here among the furze-bushes the sabbath makes itself vaguely felt; nor is this, I feel certain, wholly to be accounted for by the citizen forms dotted about the Common, nor by the unequal column of motor-cars and dog-carts moving yonder along the road to Richmond Park. Whichever way I turn there is a subtle sense of it in the very air.

There seems to be something going on among the bushes in the hollow down there. Through gaps between the thickets I catch glimpses of figures interested, apparently, in some object on the ground. I descend the slope, and, threading a devious path through the bushes, emerge upon a little group of men staring curiously at something lying huddled under the shadow of a bush beneath them. A second glance shows it to be the figure of a man dressed in a ragged suit of some faded brown material; here and there a rent in trousers or coat shows the bare skin beneath. Head and face alike bear a stubbly growth of almost equal length; a dirty strip of linen tied round the forehead shows stains of blood. On the grass by his side lies a tattered cap with a clay pipe inside it. A pitiable figure enough; such a one, while I have a copper, may I never allow to go hungry or—here I shall lose your good opinion—thirsty.

A little foxy-looking man is addressing the group.

"Foul plye," he observes darkly. "Thet's wot it is. Foul plye."

"Yer think 'e's dead, then?" queries one of the group, a ruddy-faced citizen with a heavy overcoat over one arm, and an open-mouthed boy held by his other hand.

"Dead? Wot else is 'e?" rejoins the other. "Look at 'im. Foul plye."

"'Oo ger think's murdered 'im?" inquires the citizen breathlessly.

"Plenty of 'em ready ter do it," responds the foxy man. "They don't think nothin' of it."

"Robbery?" suggests the awestruck citizen—not very plausibly, I think.

"Lor' bless you—anythink," replies the foxy man. "They don't care. 'E's bin done ter death, pore blighter."

"Done ter death, yer right!" suddenly breaks in a loud voice from behind us. We turn and behold a large, self-satisfied looking man in a soft felt hat.

"Done ter death," repeats the newcomer, surveying the group with importance.

"And 'oo by?"

"'Oo ger think?" queries the enthralled citizen.

"'Oo do I think?" repeats the newcomer loudly. "'Oo do I think 'e 's bin done to death by? It ain't 'oo I think at all, its 'oo I *know*——the Government."

The unexpected flood of light thus thrown upon the mystery seems to give great satisfaction to everybody with the exception of the foxy man, who appears to me to regard the newcomer with an appraising eye. Also of a man in gaiters on the outskirts of the group, who expectorates stoically and whistles to a roaming fox-terrier.

"Look at 'im!" cries the newcomer extending a hand towards the prostrate form, "Cold and' stiff in death! Look at 'is pore bleedin' 'ead! There's yer bloomin' Conserv'tive government. Nar yer see its work."

Most of the group seem to feel the justice of this, especially the enthralled citizen, who stares at the newcomer with undisguised admiration. For my part, I cannot help thinking it thoughtful of the Government, after committing the crime, to have bandaged their victim's head for him. Still, on consideration, I have to acknowledge that similar things have been done by governments before now.

"Cern-serv'tive Government!" scornfully exclaims the speaker, whom I will call the Liberal Statesman (for want of a better name). "Cern-sertive Gove:nment! There they are, a-sittin' in Downin'-street, a-smokin' their bloomin' cigars an' a-larfin' at yer. 'Wot,' they sez to each other, 'a-dyin' on Barnes common cos they ain't got no work? Oh Arthur, 'old my sides; it fairly makes me bust myself!'"

The favour with which this vivid picture of a Cabinet Council is received, spurs the Liberal Statesman to further rhetorical efforts. He removes his hat.

"Take orf yer 'ats!" he cries. "Take off yer 'ats, I say, in the presence of the dead! Cover 'is pore pallid corpse. 'Ide from our mournful heyes the victim of the Government!"

Several of the group (including myself) uncover. The enthralled citizen is so far moved as to give the open-mouthed boy his hat to hold while he approaches the prostrate form and covers it reverentially with his overcoat. There is an impressive silence, inconsiderately spoilt by the prosaic expectorations and dog-whistlings of the man in gaiters, and by certain ominous snorts from the foxy man, who appears to be restless.

"Wot," resumes the elated Statesman, "do we see before us? Wot, I say, do we see before us——"

"Man with a bendiged 'ead," suggests the man in gaiters hopefully.

"Wot," continues the Statesman with difficulty, evidently not grateful for this practical assistance, "wot do we—wot is—— There 'e lies, cold an' stiff in death, 'is only coverin' a ragged ole overcoat——"

"'Ere——" begins the enthralled citizen remonstratingly, when there is a sudden interruption from another quarter.

"'Oo wanted ter rob the working' man of 'is beer? Was *thet* the Conserv'tives?"

The foxy-faced man has taken action at last. The man in gaiters so far gives way to feeling as to observe, "'Ear, 'ear." The Liberal Statesman turns on his interrupter and measures him with his eye.

"P'r'aps you're a Conserv'tive?" he demands.

"I am," replies the foxy man firmly.

The man in gaiters expectorates approvingly. There is a pause. The enthralled citizen, who is standing next to me, despatches the open-mouthed boy home to "tell yer mother I'm comin' on after."

"Then now," states the Liberal Statesman, "yer see the victim of yer party."

"I," retorts the other (whom I may as well call the Conservative Statesman), "sye 'e's the victim of *your* party."

"Yer do?" demands the Liberal Statesman, obviously in order to gain time.

"I do," replies the Conservative Statesman, with great firmness.

The group has gathered in a close body round the disputants. In the centre the rival statesmen, face to face, regard each other with wary scorn, amid a silence broken only by the distant, wasp-like hum of the motor-cars on the Richmond Road. Then the Liberal Statesman speaks.

"'Oo plunged the country into a bloody war?"

The Conservative Statesman, evidently having nothing ready for the moment, contents himself with observing merely, "'Oo did?" but with his head cocked on one side with an air of reserved wisdom.

"Chimeberlin," says the Liberal Statesman, and again with infinite unction, "Jo-ey Chime-berlin."

This is received by the group with some applause.

"Wot abaht Gledstone?" suddenly demands the Conservative Statesman.

"Jo-ey Chime-berlin," repeats the Liberal Statesman triumphantly.

"Wot abaht Gledstone?" persists the Conservative Statesman, simulating an equally triumphant air. The Liberal Statesman, flushed with victory, allows himself to be enticed from his position.

"Don't you worry about Gledstone," he observes confidently. "Gledstone's orl right. 'E don't want no one's 'elp."

This I regard as reassuring.

"Wot did Gledstone sye?" demands the Conservative Statesman.

The Liberal Statesman, on this, becomes more wary (as he well may).

"'E said a lot o' things," he replies guardedly—a statement which I venture to applaud.

"Wot did Gledstone sye abaht 'is foreign policy?"

The Liberal Statesman evidently realises that he has got among the wire entanglements. There are signs also that the groups are wavering in their allegiance. He retreats, with admirable celerity, on his fortifications.

"'Oo plunged the country into a bloody war?" he repeats. "'Oo plunged us into three 'undred millions of blood an' money?"

The Conservative Statesman refuses to be enticed to an investigation of this astounding outrage.

"Wot abaht Gledstone?" he repeats.

"Look 'ere," cries the Liberal Statesman desperately, "don't you say nothin' agenst Gledstone. I'm puffickly able ter tike Gledstone's part, so don't you fergit it."

"An' I'm puffickly able to tike Chimeberlin's part," retorts the Conservative Statesman.

I must confess that I do not think either claims more than may justly be conceded to him—I am

disturbed in an interesting train of reflection by an increased loudness in the tones of the Conservative Statesman.

"I'll tell you wot you are, he cries. "You're a little Eng'ander."

From which I recognise that he is keeping his word and is taking the part of Mr. Chamberlain. He seems to have made converts in his audience.

"Ho, I am, am I?" says the Liberal Statesman.

"Yuss, you are," replies his opponent.

"Ho," observes the Liberal Statesman bitterly.

"Yuss," observes the Conservative Statesman defiantly.

For a moment or two past I have been conscious of a succession of sibilant signals from the outskirts of the group. I turn and find that they proceed from the man in gaiters. He meets my look with a twinkling eye.

"I sye Trilby 'At, wot abaht your victim?"

The Liberal Statesman seems rather to welcome the interruption.

"Victim?" he queries vaguely, turning from his opponent.

"Victim o' the Government," replies the man in gaiters. "Where is 'e?"

Every eye turns towards the bush. The Victim of the Government has mysteriously disappeared. There is a loud cry from the enthralled citizen.

"' Ere—'oo's bin an' moved 'im!"

"Reckon 'e'd finished restin' 'imself," observes the man in gaiters, expectorating composedly. There is a momentary pause; then with a yell the citizen turns on the Liberal Statesman.

"*E-er*—where's my blooming overcoat?"

The Liberal Statesman seems to have no answer ready.

"You told me to cover 'im up!" cries the enraged citizen.

"Where's 'is overcoat?" demands the Conservative Statesman righteously.

"Dead man gone orf with a overcoat," observes the man in gaiters dispassionately.

The citizen turns wildly on the Conservative Statesman.

"You said 'e was dead!" he yells. "Where's my overcoat? Wot'll my wife sye when I get home? You're a nice couple o' fellows, you are!"

"Look 'ere, ole man," puts in the Liberal Statesman, "you mind wot you're s'yin.' Overcoat ain't got nothin' ter do with us. We was torkin' abaht the Government."

"Ain't our bisness ter look after yer bloomin' overcoat," corroborates the Conservative Statesman indignantly. "You get on after *'im*."

The profane citizen is already stampeding off through the bushes, followed by most of the group. The man in gaiters whistles his dog and departs indifferently in the other direction.

"Bloomin' sorce," observes the Liberal Statesman. "D's'e think *I* want 'is bloomin' overcoat?" demands the injured Conservative. "Wot was you a syin'?"

The remaining members of the group gather round the disputants, who begin their argument over again, but with quite a new courtesy of tone. I turn and make my way out of the hollow, reflecting deeply on the subject of modern politics.

MIXED MEMORIES

A Lay of Ancient Rome

[" Dr. Lunn's parties in Rome," writes a correspondent who was recently a member of one, "often have the benefit of the learning of Professor Reynaud, who takes them the round of the antiquities, and explains everything. I have listened to him with attention and, I think, with profit. Those points in his discourses which I recollect most clearly I have ventured to throw into a lyrical shape, and I send you the result."]

When you're in Rome you may have, I admonish you,
Numerous points that would puzzle you quite,
Settled and solved in a style to astonish you,
Lambent with archæological light.
—As to the altitude, measured in metres,
Reached by the rampart of Remus's Wall;
What induced Pompey to live in St. Peter's,
And Cato the Elder to colonise Gaul;
Why Vercingetorix married Drusilla,
And how Caracalla built Hadrian's Villa—
Go! Go!
To Professor Reynaud,
Quickly he'll balance the con and the pro.

Then he will sing to you, sweeter than Patti can,
Scipio's songs (with a lecture on each),
Quote Cincinnatus's ode to the Vatican,
Imitate Antony making a speech.
Tales he can tell of the fruitless ambition
Marcus Aurelius had to be pope,
And prove beyond rational doubt that Domitian
Furnished his baths with (advertisement) soap.
If you would know why they canonised Nero,
And why Elagabalus ranked as a hero,
Go! Go!
To Professor Reynaud,
Light on the subject he'll speedily throw.

He can establish Caligula's sanity,
Hannibal's horror of crossing the Rhine,
Sulla's inordinate love of humanity,
Seneca's sottish indulgence in wine.
Cæsar's desire for his mother's removal
Meets with no kind of excuse at his hands,
Nor can he view, without grave disapproval,
Horace's joining the Clodian bands.
He will convince you there's nothing absurder
Than charging Agrippa with Maximin's murder.
Go! Go!
To Professor Reynaud.
All that he says is assuredly so.

E. C. Bentley.

AN ANCIENT COURT HALL

The Oldest Burgh but One

With the exception of Newport in the Isle of Wight, Fordwich is the smallest and oldest of the English municipalities, and when the Domesday Survey was made in 1085, it is mentioned as the "little burgh." It is supposed to derive its name from fiord-wic, which means the bay (wic) on the arm of the sea (fiord), and, at one time, doubtless, the town really occupied a position of the kind. It was never a thickly populated place, and its importance was mainly due to its being a member of the Cinque Ports' confederacy, and to the corporate privileges it enjoyed, having the right of inflicting capital punishment. A sightseer visiting this unostentatious little village, situated about two-and-a-half miles from the City of Chichester, would consider the place hardly worth a second thought, had he not been told beforehand to stop and inspect the quaint sixteenth century "Court Hall," which owns a position among municipal buildings quite unique, containing records six hundred years old.

The Temple of Justice

This simple structure resembles a granary, and has its lower storey built of unwrought stone patched with brickwork, its projecting upper part plastered and whitewashed. On the south side of the building is a low doorway, which opens on to a staircase, by which means the Council Chamber is reached. This simple looking, whitewashed apartment is panelled at the upper end, and its three latticed casement windows are mullioned with oak. In the centre of the room is a very massive beam, and on the wall above the mayor's seat are representations of the Royal arms, the Cinque Ports' arms, and the motto, "Love and obey," 1660.

Implements of Torture

Upon an Elizabethan table is a scold's bridle—that mediæval instrument of torture—also a pair of handcuffs, and the constable's staves. In an iron-bound muniment chest are preserved some notable documents, the one most treasured being a letter from Edward IV., addressed to the mayor of Fordwich. The other relics which the room contains, are a couple of curfew drums, and a ducking-stool. Outside the Court Hall may be seen the very identical hook which was formerly used to attach it when lowered down the river.

Dungeon Cells for Debtors

On the ground floor—which now only contains the weir nets and their frames—is a dark unwholesome looking hole, called a cell, where in olden times people were imprisoned for a year and a day for the non-payment of a sixty-shilling fine. However, during the last hundred years the cell has been seldom used. Once a poor man was given four days incarceration for the very grievous offence of "wishing to come on the

Photo by *Swaine*

A Curious Old Court Hall at Fordwich (Kent) which Contains a Dungeon for Debtors

Photo by Fordwich Town Hall, showing Crane for Ducking Stool Swaine

parish." On a more recent occasion, an official having offended the mayor, had the unpleasant experience of being locked up for the night. In a lane close by this prison can still be seen the "Thieves' wells," where pilferers were put to death.

E. E. Mann

Photo by Interior of the Old Court House Swaine

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

An English Exhibit at Paris Show

The chief point noticeable (amongst numerous other good ones) at the Paris show was a decided tendency towards simplicity in the cars exhibited at the *Grand Palais* by the Napier firm, as, wherever possible, moving parts have been eliminated. In the 15 h.p. *chassis*, lightness, combined with great strength, is obtained, the total weight being but 12½cwt. A most interesting and sensible feature is that the water is always above level of cylinder heads, whether the pump is running or not. This is really of considerable importance, as the finest pumps in the world "gang aft agley," owing to the velocity at which they run on a motor-car; and if, as a result, only a little water is boiled, one has but to heave a contented sigh, and proceed. This type has also a mechanical "hit and miss" governor, which can be controlled by hand, extra long springs for the weight to be carried, a "floating" gear-box (which is thus made independent of any spring in the frame), and through shafts, from differential to sprocket wheels. Also, above all, *every* joint in the steering is adjustable, a matter which all owners will at once appreciate, and which was not noticeable on any other car in the show. Altogether, it seems that (like THE BYSTANDER) there is plenty of room for the Napier car—at the top.

"A1" Napier

Earl Russell is the first individual to register his car in the County of London, and it will bear the appropriate number A1. It is a Napier car.

Horizontal Engines

For some inscrutable reason (feminine, doubtless, in its nature, being a vagary of Dame Fashion), on the Continent the vertical engine reigns supreme, and this is the more remarkable, as for amateurs the horizontal engine is so much the more easy to adjust and attend to than the upright variety. The Wolseley Company, however, wisely pin their faith to it. Their 12-horse in the reliability trials made absolute non-stop runs every day for eight days (and looked as if it could have gone on for eighty); the 10-horse stopped once, and once only, for a tyre trouble; the 7½ h.p. stopped once for some reason; and the 24-horse lost three marks out of 3,000 making six non-stop runs. And the

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's 60 h.p. "Mercedes" which proved one of the attractions at the Paris Exhibition

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The New Benz-Parsival 8 h.p. car

horizontal engine is "no good," forsooth. Good lack! What ho, varlet! Fetch me a stoup of right Oporto that I may drink its health withal. Have I not a horizontal engine of my own (though not a Wolseley)?

Pneumatic v Solid Tyres

To judge from the paucity of cars made to run on, and fitted with, solid tyres, one would be led to the conclusion that the all-powerful pneumatic absolutely holds the field. There is no sort of doubt that the pneumatic tyre is the most comfortable, the speediest, and "life" saving of some of the machinery, and throws less strain on the engine, but on the other hand, it is unfortunately true that it is not only expensive in upkeep, but also, after a little wear, somewhat unreliable, and for many people, doctors more especially, it introduces an element of uncertainty into any journey which may have, perhaps, disastrous effects, and for these, the solid tyre will continue to have many attractions. One great objection urged, is that the solid tyre, being less resilient, needs greater tractive power; but this plea may be dismissed, as, what is the matter with most modern engines, is not that they have too little power but too much, and so the solid in the end merely needs a little more of this power, which is in the hand of the driver, than its rival does. Hardly any cars are continuously driven "all out." The driver always has "a good bit up his sleeve," and produces it when necessary.

The Latest 20 h.p. Light Napier

A Motor-Car for Transporting Stage Effects.

Why not a Compromise?

It is a pity that the inventive brain of some real benefactor to his species has not been directed to the end of producing a tyre, not necessarily solid nor yet pneumatic, something in the cushion line, yet not a cushion, perhaps filled with some resilient substance, to the joy and delight of the practical, everyday individual who, like many do nowadays, drives his car day in and day out all the year round, through mud and slush, over stones and flints, simply because, for business purposes, he *has* to "get there."

If, however, it be decided to have solid tyres, various considerations present themselves. This type throws far greater strain on the axles, and still more on the cones and cups of the axle bearings, than with pneumatics, and these have, in consequence, to be much stronger than appears at first sight necessary. Cones, cups, and balls are easily renewable, fortunately; but the latter should be large, ⅜ inch or even ½ inch in diameter, and it is at least a debateable point if the live axle, which is beneath the carriage springs and so exposed to many jars and shocks, is indicated in use with solid tyres at all.

Cars with Solid Tyres

The Motor Manufacturing Company have a well-sprung small car with solid axle and chains which can be fitted with solid tyres by anyone desirous of such, and amongst the larger cars of the Wolseley Company, the 12 h.p. is at any rate a complete success on solid tyres. It is a little difficult to know why, for everyday country work this principle is not more widely adopted.

The 20 Mile Limit in 1904

The day after to-morrow it will be lawful and proper, at the proper place and time, to run a motor-car a mile along the road in three minutes, and not only in five minutes, as at present, so let us take heed to our ways and unitedly endeavour to eliminate the unfortunate freak who appears to think that a mechanical vehicle was designed solely to perform feats with in connection with a clock. The modern motor-car is intended to convey the lieges, gentle and simple, proceeding on their public or private occasions up and down the country in such a manner as to inconvenience no one more than is necessary. No doubt we still shall meet at the club in 1904 the "deadly bore," who objected to bicycles ten years ago to such a degree that his neighbours fled at his approach, until in due time his daughters appeared on them, when they again received him, chastened and in his right mind, into their habitations. We oft shall espy the proud proprietor of some rat-tailed roarer, which he dignifies with the name of a horse, glaring at us (as we get by him on the road as best we can) with the scowl that won't come off. Neither of these two is the worst opponent of the motor-car movement. The enemy is within our gates—the ungentle, ungracious, lumpish road hog, he! Let us unite and abolish him, lest the brickbats heaved at him by the public for his own good—and more in sorrow than in anger—may alight upon our innocent craniums.

Prophecy

Mr. Edge ventured on a little prophecy at the dinner of the Norfolk Automobile Club the other day. With gentle irony he indicated the present cheap ideal—"a car for about £100, small, cheap to run, costing nothing for upkeep, almost improved by not being cleaned or oiled, just right and comfortable for two (or six at a pinch), have hood and apron, room for plenty of luggage, and turn into a brougham when required to go at night to a dance or theatre." He went on to say that we should not get it. He thinks, however, that the future will bring forth the one-cylinder car, cheap to buy, keep, and run. So mote it be.

"Snipe"

From the Drawing by A. J. Wall

Hunting

Hunting Reports.

One of the most cheerful symptoms of the hold that fox hunting possesses over the public mind is the ever-increasing extent to which accounts of days with various packs find their way into the daily newspapers. At the same time, the development of the movement is not without its drawbacks, chief of which is a tendency towards slovenliness in sporting terminology. Some day, perhaps, the wider diffusion of general information may banish the solecisms of daily infliction from even the most ephemeral of prints. At present, however, there is an admirable opportunity for any leisured philanthropist of sporting tastes to compile an authoritative volume of what expressions can be used and how, together with a catalogue of what should be sternly discarded when writing hunting reports. The pain which such current terms as "reynard," "the sly-'un," and similar atrocities, cause to well-regulated minds is simply indescribable, and it is difficult to believe that the spirit of humanity has become so blunted in these days of emancipation that the admonitions of a compendious black list of distressing forms of speech would be altogether disregarded.

The Wetness of the Season

Hunting people have sometimes been charged with being never satisfied, and though, of course, the imputation is absolutely groundless, it must be confessed that the wet season for which we have all yearned for so long has not so far aroused the enthusiasm which one would have anticipated. It is true that the theory of an unbroken series of sport, and the practice of lame horses, more than one's share of falls, and a sequence of wet jackets are vastly different things; but there is no mode of explaining why the expectations of exceptional sport have not been fully realised, against which a few words of caution are necessary. It has become the fashion in many countries to affirm that there are far too many foxes, an assertion which is as much to be deprecated as it is inaccurate. The fact is, that in an average season barely half the actual stock of foxes is found by hounds; this year, however, there is hardly a fox that escapes constant disturbance. Still, though the apparent plethora is all against hounds obtaining their due proportion of blood, it is pretty safe to prophesy that with a spell of dry weather all anxiety on this score will be dissipated.

The Bicester Hunt

Were a man to whom the fortunate lot has fallen of hunting with every pack in the United Kingdom questioned as to his preference, taking every amenity into consideration, it is more than probable that his reply would be the Bicester and Warden Hill, to give the establishment its full and proper title. No hunt could be more zealously supported, foxes being consequently plentiful throughout its territory, while though its accessibility has necessitated the stringent exclusion of intruders, the

Photo by *Newman*

The Bicester Hunt: Waiting for the Master

Photo by *Newman*

The Bicester Hunt: Mr. Henry Reynolds, a Well-known Follower, Riding on the Right

Photo by *Newman*

The Master of the Bicester: Mr. Heywood Lonsdale

Photo by *Newman*

The Bicester Hunt: Moving off to a Draw at Notley Copse

fields, even at the most popular fixtures, are never to be compared with the crowds which hamper proceedings with certain Midland packs. Except on Tuesdays, when a tolerable amount of arable land has to be traversed, hounds are almost sure to run over the grass, though fine tracts of woodland, where the rudimentary lessons of the chase are most effectually to be inculcated, are by no means lacking. Thanks to constant harrying, it is from the Claydon Woods and other strong coverts that the best sport of the season is wont to emanate.

Its History

The records of the Bicester Hunt reveal a distinctly glorious past, for the country was originally hunted by the illustrious Mr. Warde, who, however, does not seem to have covered precisely the same area as that which is now contained by its rather eccentric boundaries. Then Sir Thomas Mostyn won great renown as a sportsman with his flying, but rather silent, pack, which was, perhaps, at its best in 1825, when Sir Thomas's and the Duke of Beaufort's pack clashed in Blenheim Park. The ducal domain was, in those days, in so bad a condition that the casualties were innumerable, though if one can believe contemporary accounts the deportment of the riders was of a boisterous character, compared with which the gaiety of a field of twentieth century undergraduates would be grave decorum. Later on Squire Drake brought the Bicester pack to a high state of perfection, which has been handed down in an unbroken line of descent to the present day, while more recently the introduction of Blankney blood by Lord Chesham during his most successful term of office, proved most beneficial to the kennel.

L. J. B

Photo by *Newman*

The Bicester Hunt: A Kill at Longmead Copse

Fishing

The Angler's Busy Season

White House Pool, Paper Mill Creek, near San Francisco, Where Some Extraordinary Catches are Made

No angler has such a long season as the salmon angler; he can fish from January 11 to November 30 if he has time and opportunity, and many a salmon rod and stock of flies and tackle are being overhauled by the fortunate men who are looking forward to the opening of the rod season on the Thurso, Borgie, Halladale, Naver, and one or two other rivers which open on January 11. Then the grand Tay system opens on January 15, and by February 24 the rest of the Scottish rivers have finished their close time. In England and Wales the close time on many rivers extends well into March, and on some even to the middle of May, and the same remark applies to Ireland. When the newly-established Salmon and Trout Association is in full working order, it might well take into consideration the question of synchronising salmon seasons and regulating salmon licences. For instance, in Ireland, theoretically, "the charge for a salmon licence is 10s., available for the whole country," but the English angler, who thinks he has done his duty when he has taken out a licence in Dublin, will find the law is a dead letter when he passes into another district, and that he must take out another licence before he will be allowed to fish.

The New Association

So many well-known men have already joined the new Association that there are good grounds for hoping it will succeed, in spite of the fact that similar movements in the past, which have been started under brave auspices, have soon died like a spent fish, and been buried on the shore of oblivion. A great many salmon and trout anglers question the policy of attempting, in one association, to work for interests which are so often conflicting as those of salmon and trout fisheries. The prejudice of the trout men all over the country is much more bitter against the salmon than many people are aware of; it is the natural result of the grave injustice with which they are treated by many boards of conservators, who get the bulk of their revenues from selling trout licences, and devote all the proceeds to the protection of the salmon. In some few instances a pretence of doing something for the trout angler is made, but on hundreds of our streams trout anglers are made to pay for salmon protection in waters which they never fish. This accounts for the fact that not a few trout anglers who catch samlets return them to the water, as the law directs, but *kill them first.* This, of course, is reprehensible from every point of view, and risky also; but it ought to be convincing proof of the antagonism felt by purely trout man towards the salmon and his progeny. It is to be hoped the new association may be able to do something to remedy this by finding some *modus vivendi* satisfactory to all.

A 35-lb Salmon Landed

The Cultivation of Salmon

Is the artificial cultivation of salmon a success? This is a question which it ought not to be difficult to answer, seeing that for more than fifty years salmon culture and re-stocking, or attempts at re-stocking, have been carried on in this country, on the Continent, and in America. Many thousands of pounds have been expended on hatcheries, many millions of young salmon have been liberated, and yet it is difficult for an impartial inquirer to find any satisfactory evidence of success. Up to very recently, I thought we could at any rate point to undoubted success in re-stocking some of the American and Canadian rivers which fall into the Atlantic,

Paper Mill Creek Fishing Club

but the result of an inquiry which I made early this year in *Forest and Stream* was, unfortunately, convincingly disappointing. As far as *salmo salar* is concerned, there seems to be very little to show for the great efforts expended on his cultivation. Some American authorities assert that great results have followed the cultivation of the Pacific coast salmon, chiefly with the Quinnat salmon, on which the great canning industries depend so much, and it is reassuring to find such an authority as Dr. Jordan expressing unbounded confidence in the value of salmon culture. Dr. Jordan says the establishment of hatcheries is the only way to prevent the destruction of the fisheries by the canning industries.

Pacific Coast Salmon

Except that they are rarely to be caught with the fly in fresh water, Pacific Coast salmon give grand sport to the angler, and I was very glad to receive recently from a correspondent, Mr. Chas. H. Kewell, of San Francisco, what appears to be very satisfactory proof of success in stocking a river with salmon. The photographs he sends, which are reproduced in The Bystander, are, I believe, the first ever published showing sport with artificially bred salmon. Mr. Kewell says that having noticed some articles of mine in the *Fishing Gazette* as to the failure of salmon culture, he is able to assure me that "the stocking of streams has done immense good out here, and is the only thing which has saved salmon to many of our rivers." He goes on to describe how Paper Mill Creek, a small river near San Francisco, was stocked with salmon fry some six or eight years ago, and now affords good sport—as much as 200lb. of salmon have been caught in a day. The fish are taken on spinning baits, the largest fish scaling 35lb. The photographs, which were taken by Mr. Rubetlass, of Market-street, San Francisco, will certainly interest many anglers on this side, especially that which shows the angler playing a heavy fish on a small rod with the reel held upwards. A good many British and Irish anglers play a fish in this way, but the great majority hold the reel underneath the butt.

Two Brace of Artificially Bred Salmon

Grand Sport on the Usk

For some years past the Usk salmon fishing has been very disappointing; this year there has been a great improvement, as in the case of many other rivers, due to the heavy rainfall, and Usk salmon anglers have been enjoying great sport. I asked Mr. Horace S. Lyne, the courteous and popular secretary of the Usk Association, if he would send me a record of the number of salmon caught with rod and line this year; and he says that in the Monmouthshire length a thousand salmon were taken, weighing 10,733lb., and in the Breconshire length 986, weighing 9,106lb.—giving a total of 1,986 fish, weighing 19,841lb.; an average of just 10lb. per fish. The best fish weighed 46½lb.

Dry Fly Fishing

Under the heading "Some Dry-Fly Maxims," H. H. D. contributes, to the *Field* of December 19, one of the most interesting articles on that most fascinating branch of fly-fishing which I have ever read, and I am sure many other anglers will join me in the hope that Mr. Senior will give him a "permit to angle" whenever the spirit moves him. Most fly-fishers are apt to overload themselves with a variety of flies. My fly-book always contains scores of different patterns, but there are probably not more than half a dozen which get regular work; all the same, there is no small amount of satisfaction in having a good stud to trot out for the admiration of your friends. R. B. M.

Photo by *Bowden*

Kimbolton Castle, the Property of Lord Charles Montagu, where the Spaniel Trials were Held

Spaniel Trials

An exceedingly pleasant meeting under the management of the Spaniel Club was that held in Kimbolton Castle Park, by permission of Lord Charles Montagu, the shooting tenant. Mr. J. S. Cowell had secured an exceedingly fine entry, and, as game was plentiful, and the weather each day ideal for the purpose. progress was rapid, the heavy card of six stakes being run through in two short days. The spaniels, which came from all parts of the country, were tested for natural questing ability, method of beating and hunting, pluck in facing covert, tenderness and quickness in retrieving, obedience and steadiness. Handlers were allowed to carry a gun, but no stick or whip; in fact the contests were carried out exactly on the lines of a big shoot, but no beaters were employed, all the game being walked up to the gun. Of rabbits there was a superabundance, while in woodland, with a thick undergrowth of privet, visited on the first day, there was no difficulty in putting up a sufficient number of pheasants to give all the spaniels in one of the stakes thorough trial over feathers. The champion of the meeting was Mr. J. Alexander's (Grateley) Suddern Warren Beauty, a hard-working specimen of Clumber variety. B.

Photo by *Bowden*

Mr. Watts's "Hoar Cross Fly" Retrieves to Hand

Shooting

A Common Fallacy

It is a curious fallacy amongst most keepers that a low pheasant is much easier to shoot than a high one. I do not mean an exceptionally high one, but one "well up in the air." More shoots are spoilt by this fallacy than by any other means. The bad shot cannot shoot anything except by chance. The moderate shot will hit them sometimes, but will make a fearful mess of them if he does. The good shot will miss them as often as not, through trying to take them in the head, and missing them clean if he fails to do so. It is quite a common thing to hear people say of a shoot, "Lots of birds, but not worth shooting at." This is practically always the fault of the keeper. The old keeper is, of course, hopeless. If you ask him why he beats a wood in a particular way, it is long odds that he doesn't know, excepting "We always have a' done it this 'ere way," the right reply to which statement is, "Then it's high time you tried it some other way."

Trouble for Nothing

Where the amusement comes in of going to all the trouble and expense of rearing hundreds of pheasants in order to have them shot to bits—or missed—not more than twenty feet from the ground is a mystery to me. Unless the ground is very favourable, with deep dells or hollows in the wood, where the birds flying from one height to another cannot fail to be fairly high above guns placed in the valley below, the only way to make pheasants fly is to keep on pushing them in front of you to the end of the cover and then bringing them *back* over the guns. If you can push them out of a course altogether by leaving out the stops directly ahead of them and let let them run out into a gorse or brown cover, or even a field of turnips, and intercept them as they fly back to the wood behind you, so much the better; but nine keepers out of ten "funk" doing this, generally from ignorance, so they keep sending the guns forward and heading section after section of cover, the guns standing in some niche a few feet wide, and the birds running up to within a few yards of them and then just flying across the side a few feet from the ground.

Photo by *Bowden*

Watching the Spaniel Trials from Wych Wood.

Woodcock Plentiful

I hear there are more woodcock about in Norfolk just now than there have been for many years. I don't know of any particular reason to account for this, but the uncertainty of his comings and goings constitute one of his great charms. There is no doubt that many places that used to be favourite places for him are no longer so owing to a larger number of pheasants being bred than formerly. The pheasant is an uneasy sort of bird, always running about all day, making a certain amount of noise and generally disturbing the place, also keepers are always about in the covers where he lives, feeding, and looking after him, and so the woodcock betakes himself elsewhere in search of the peace and quiet

The Spaniel Trials—Hanging up the Game

which he prefers. In Ireland, where more woodcock are killed than probably anywhere else, very few pheasants are brought up. If pheasants were closely preserved in Ireland in large quantities, as they are in many counties in England, I am sure they would get far fewer woodcock than they do now. SURTEES.

Photo by *Boughen*

At the Spring Field Trials

ON THE GREEN.

The Amateur Championship of 1903 Mr. Maxwell's Play

At Muirfield, this year, Mr. Robert Maxwell at length conquered the throne of amateur golf after a hard and desperate struggle in one match, that with Mr. H. de Zoete, when the latter very nearly upset all the prophets. Indeed, at the nineteenth hole he seemed to have Mr. Maxwell at his mercy, having all the best of the hole, and then, through that mysterious influence which makes the charm and uncertainty of golf in match play so baffling and fascinating, he broke down at an easy stroke which would have given him the game, and which he would probably execute perfectly nine times out of ten. Though sympathising with Mr. de Zoete as an admirer of his exceedingly fine and plucky play, which brings him into the very first rank of amateur players, I am glad Mr. Maxwell won, for he undoubtedly played the better golf throughout this match, and was, by all consent, the most powerful and accurate of all the amateur players this year.

Mr. Robert Maxwell,
Winner of the Amateur Championship, 1903

He is the only player, in my opinion, at the present moment who is worthy to wear the mantle which fell from the shoulders of the beloved Freddy Tait. Though there may be lacking the genius which seemed to inspire that great player at crises of the game, yet Mr. Maxwell has shown by his magnificent performance at the Open Championship of 1902, that he is a match for any man whether professional or amateur. Like most of the great players he is extremely modest about his achievements, invariably attributing to good luck what all who have watched him play know to have been brought about by a marvellous combination of power, accuracy, and judgment, aided by imperturbable nerve and immense pluck. I fear that if he honours me by reading what I have written, his blushes will convert THE BYSTANDER into a momentary *Pink 'Un*, and when I next meet him I shall have to come armed.

Harry Vardon's Play at Prestwick

When I turn to the Open Championship of 1903 I am afraid I shall not be able to find the proper epithets with which to qualify Harry Vardon's amazing play at Prestwick. What, indeed, can one say about a player who plays four rounds of those difficult links in an average of seventy-five strokes a round? No score approaching this has ever been compiled at a championship meeting since the duration was altered from two to four rounds, and it marks Harry Vardon out as probably the greatest golfer who has ever wielded club. Unhappily, the strain of this event told on Vardon's health, and for some time now he has been recuperating under medical advice. I am sure I am voicing the wishes of golfers all over the world in expressing a most earnest hope that he will soon entirely recover his health, and once more gratify his countless friends and admirers with his noble expositions of the game. His brother Tom, too, was a splendid second at Prestwick, his two last rounds, made in a total of 149, being, indeed, the two best rounds played at the meeting. His total score of 306 was good enough to have won most championships. Let us hope he was consoled by the fact that his brother alone could beat him. His turn should come, *ceteris paribus*, at the next championship, for he is professional at Sandwich, and his foot will be on his native heath, so to speak. No player needs telling what an enormous pull perfect local knowledge and incessant practice on the spot give to a man.

Match-Play Element Wanted

I am sorry to see no sign as yet of any approach to an introduction of the match-play element into the Open Championship. The charm to me of the Amateur Championship consists principally in the pitting of players individually

Harry Vardon,
Winner of the Open Championship, Played at Prestwick, 1903

against each other; the personal equation comes into play, and makes the whole tournament psychologically vastly more interesting than the professional competition, where each player is scoring against the field, and practically pitting himself against an unknown player. Would it not be possible to have a first stage of scoring, and then a second part of match play, by taking the first sixteen scores and making the players fight out the battle on the lines of the Amateur Championship? I feel convinced that the extra time and money necessitated by this would be well worth the candle.

Public Interest in Match Play

The late professional tournament at Sunningdale shows how great an interest players and public alike take in this form of competition, and I firmly believe that no more beneficial reform for golf in general could be devised than one which brought the element of match play into the Open Championship. For the true historical game of golf consists of a match between two or more players, and not in a series of agitated units compiling good or bad scores. The scoring game was only a method invented for enabling players to decide an event in a given space of time, and I hold that such an important event as the Open Championship should not be made subservient to such a consideration. Golf, surely, is powerful enough and rich enough now to enable an alteration to be made which would enable the players and the clubs on whose links they play to decide this great event in the manner which is most faithful to the true traditions of the game.

Professional Golfers' Association, Please Take Note

I commend the above idea to the earnest consideration of the Professional Golfers' Association, who are doing so much for the best interests of the professional players as the professionals form the vast majority of the competitors in the Open Championship, any alteration, such as I have suggested above, needs their approval before any action can be taken by the clubs governing the competition. That some such reform would greatly increase the interest of the Open Championship, both from a player's and an onlooker's point of view, I have not the least doubt. I need only instance the competition at Sandwich, in 1896, between amateurs and professionals which aroused such keen excitement in the golfing world at that time to bring this home to my readers.

The End of the Year. Prospects of the Future

Now comes the moment to wish my golfing readers a very happy and successful Golfing New Year. This year, that is fast giving up the ghost, marks a higher point in the tide of golfing popularity than any that has preceded it. The golf scribe, like the Pope, now preaches "*urbi et orbi*," for where has not golf planted its little red flag? America, the last territory conquered, bids fair to become the nursery of a great race of players, and pleasing visions rise before me of international golf matches equalling in excitement those glorious cricket encounters between Australia and ourselves, which have done so much for the best interests of that noble game. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Tom Vardon,
Who was Second in the Open Championship Played at Prestwick

The Connoisseur

Antique Furniture

Personal Selection v. The Plain Dealer

The excellent passion for collecting the furniture of the last two hundred years has now grown to so great an extent with the cultured householder that, as the supply of genuine specimens is not very large, an enormous amount of foreign and other spurious material of home production is to be found all over these islands. We have heard of old farmhouses and country inns in the most picturesque parts of England that are regularly refurnished every season with carefully prepared specimens of the pseudo-antique especially for the benefit of what Stevenson calls the excited amateur. Thus it is now made very difficult for the private person whose knowledge is in the increasing stage to be sure, when he finds what he takes to be an admirable example of seventeenth or eighteenth century work, that he will not be disillusioned after purchase. The lust of the eye is for ever misleading us when we are on the lookout for a find in some wayside cottage or the little shops in the back streets of a country town.

A Collection of Jacobean Pieces

Group of XVIII. Century Furniture with Chippendale Chair

A Few Treasures Left

That there is still some great good fortune for the cunning we won't deny, but for the ordinary man, whose profession is apart from furniture, although, it may be, his whim and pleasure is to collect, we should say, give the accomplished and honest dealer a chance to buy for you. This point is brought home to us by a view of the galleries of the Misses Woollam, in Brook-street, Grosvenor-square. There, at least, we believe all is genuine, although all may not be absolutely to our taste. Such a collection as that of the Jacobean pieces in the first photograph would make an excellent initial purchase for the amateur. Jacobean work, of the rougher kind, is not remarkably scarce or dear, and so we may be more sure of getting a really genuine piece for our money than if we follow after that *ignis fatuus*, the masterpiece of Chippendale or the great works of the French cabinet-makers. Many of the strong, simple pieces of Jacobean design are extremely decorative in modern surroundings. For example, the common supper-table of that period, with the side that was set towards the open hall carved and decorated, and standing four-square on admirably proportioned legs; these are as useful to-day, although in a very different way, as when in days of old the hardy yeomen used them for the feasts that followed days of fighting, hunting, or falconing. Again, the well-proportioned and useful gate table, with its folding flaps, now often used for afternoon tea; the quaint spice cupboard, with its square panels, now utilised for a medicine or photograph specimen chest; the high-backed chair, with the old cane, seat and back, or else stuffed and covered with old needlework, or, sometimes, embossed

leather; the so-called "coffin" stools, which really were the seats on which the troopers and dependants sat at the long Jacobean tables, after the dispersal of whom the need for so many seats passed away, and they drifted to the various cottages on the estates. As there was naturally a good number of these stools, almost every cottage got one or two, and these were cherished and used to stand the coffin on in the very unusual occurrence of a death in the family. Hence their present-day name.

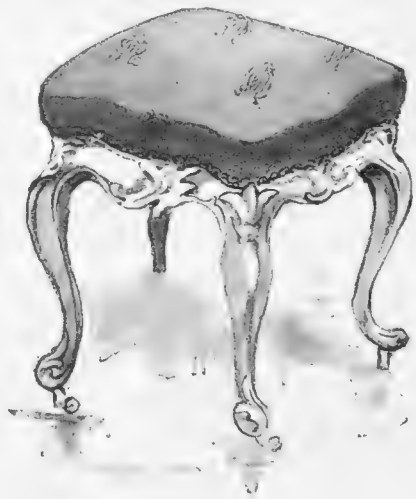
A Chance for the Collector

One great advantage the plain dealer offers over the wide field before the personal selector is that within a small space all styles and ages are ranged before the would-be collector. At 28, Brook Street, one sees the harvest of nets that have been widely cast. Not far from the group of Jacobean things is the collection of eighteenth century furniture, shown in the second illustration.

Chippendale and His Materials

This group with the Chippendale chair shows the work of a master in the form most adaptable to the house of to-day. As is well known, Chippendale worked chiefly in that finest of all woods for decorative purposes, mahogany, and much of the homage paid by succeeding generations to his work is owing to the richness and beauty of this fine material. His designs, helped by the medium in which he worked, were also influenced by the best furniture of former generations. For instance, we note how frequently he seems to have been inspired by French, Chinese, and Gothic styles. Much of the art work in Europe at this period was copied from the Chinese, with, in many cases, the best possible effect; so in furniture from 1750 we find, for a time at least, the Oriental feeling displayed. In France, the rich lacquer work of about his time—although to a great extent the native invention of the Vernis-Martin family—was always in the style of Japan and China, and can only be detected as European work by reason of certain small mistakes in the details of decoration, which show that the mind that planned them was of the Occident. Many of the French screens of this period are extremely difficult to tell from the work of the East, and the English lac was also, for a time, of excellent quality. But the fashion changed, and the art with us has also passed away. The painted screen, such as that in the third illustration, is now sought after. It is a fourfold one, and the painting claims to be after Watteau, if not the work of that painter himself. The French stool, which appears by its side, is of remarkably graceful shape, especially when compared with the chairs of the same period which were often of poor proportions and rather extravagant line, and, tell it not to their admirers, who pay long prices for them, not always of the best workmanship. On the whole, the rooms of the Misses Woollam incline one almost to give up hunting the world for chance treasures, and to content oneself with an occasional purchase at the market price. Although, of course, one must forego the pleasure of the chase in, as it were, the open air, we feel almost persuaded, in a leisurely age, to vote for the plain dealer rather than the personal effort towards making a collection. E. M.

Painted Screen, after Watteau



A Gracefully Proportioned French Stool.

FROM THE SALEROOM

A Correction

Since my saleroom notes appeared in the first number of The Bystander, I have discovered that inadvertently I greatly overestimated the elasticity of that much utilised frutifer, the Shakespeare mulberry. I wish to correct my error and apologise right here to the tree and all whom it may concern. My mistake was in stating that the armchair sold at Puttick and Simpson's for £80, and described in their catalogue as quoted by me, was made out of Shakespeare's mulberry. It was really nothing of the sort. It was made from some gross and ordinary wood, and merely contained a small and innocuous slab of the divine mulberry let into the back. Of course, the statement in the catalogue was made in all good faith, and the error was only discovered after the sale. Buyers of "Shakespereana," however, will do well to remember this fact, as the chair seems to have

acquired the almost incurable "saleroom habit," and will shortly bob up serenely once more at one or other of the great art clearing houses—it has already figured in three—only to experience a further decrease in value, judging from its previous career.

A Verification

My remarks last week anent the steadfastness of fine French furniture and *objets d'art* amid the general *débâcle* of saleroom prices were amply verified on Friday, the 18th inst., at Christie's, when a pair of Chinese Mazarin-blue porcelain vases, elaborately mounted in ormolu, in the style of Louis XV., and with a pedigree occupying a quarter of a page of small print in the catalogue, ran into well over three figures, as also did a small table of the same period, inlaid with panels of old Japanese lacquer, elaborately framed in chased ormulu borders, and coming originally from the celebrated Lépic collection. In addition to these four-figure lots, a pair of crimson splash vases, and another of old mirror black Chinese porcelain, both finely mounted *en Louis XVI.*, fetched high prices; while the lovely, though dignified, candlesticks in cast and chased ormolu, from designs by the celebrated Meissonier, who flourished during the reign of the fifteenth and Well-Beloved Louis, and which had previously figured, with the additional honour of an illustration, in the catalogue of the Lyne-Stephens sale, could hardly have been dearly bought at any price, whether by a mere accumulator of art objects, or a real enthusiast and old-time connoisseur in such eclectic matters.

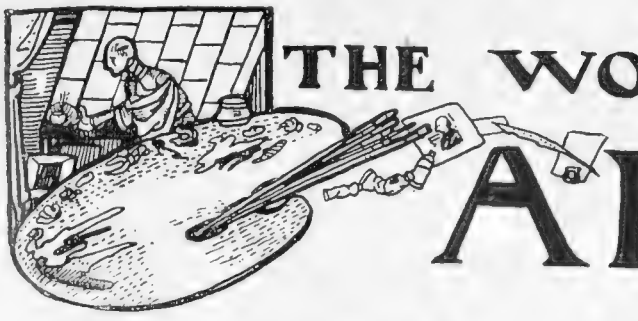
A Unique Manuscript

The fact that the world-famous Sneyd collection of early manuscripts and printed books produced a total of over £14,000, and occupied Messrs. Sotheby four whole days in their disintegration, is absolutely no guide to the state of the book market, which is about as unsatisfactory as it well can be, the result of above-mentioned sale notwithstanding to the contrary. Indeed, prices in many cases were considerably below the expert estimates, and the £2,500 paid by Quaritch (let us hope on behalf of a cis-atlantic collector, or, at all events, in view of one) for that absolutely unique and hyper-illustrated (one would almost feel inclined to say grangerised, but for the awful anachronism) thirteenth and fourteenth century miniature manuscript volume (its dimensions were 4¾in. long by 3in. broad and about 3in. thick; so that its value at per cubic inch is no trifling sum) must be considered merely as that exception which doth prove the rule. Further details of the sale next week; also of another important book dispersal.

W. H.

Juvenile Mummers

In some English villages the children dress up and go a-mumming, but this old Christmas custom is now fast becoming obsolete



THE WORLD OF ART

Respecting the Art of Two Brilliant Women

There has been a very remarkable advance in technical achievement in the realm of art (as the man in the street understands the word art) amongst women the last few years. We have had, aforetime, an occasional surprise, in the form of a battle-painter like Elizabeth Thompson; but a steady invasion of the illustrated page by women has been reserved for the last decade. The drawing of women is generally anæmic, their line without character, their massing and their handling of the medium, weak and pretty. But there has appeared, during the last year or two, in the pages of American magazines, the work of three women which requires no apology, no defence; it is strong, individual, full of form and character, unhesitating, beautiful in conception, and rich in accomplishment. The series of pictures of children Sarah Stilwell, Elizabeth Shippen Green, and Jessie Wilcox Smith, is work so remarkable, so beautiful, that it is wholly impossible to ignore, any longer, their splendid achievement.

The "Book of the Child"

This Christmas time, in particular, has seen the istic triumph of Miss Shippen Green and Miss ilcox Smith; for their "Book of the Child" and Calendar, founded on the same series of drawings children, has completely outshone all other istic work devoted to Yule Tide. They have, in s instance, added colour to their fine black-and-ite work, and these pictures of children glow and im with rich, subdued harmonies. But it is in ck-and-white, in their own peculiar and individual itment of that medium, that their most brilliant work been done, and their most remarkable successes n. *Harper's Magazine* for Christmas contains very fine examples of their art. The children drawn with rare beauty and truth and a romantic sense that is the very essence of childhood. The decorative treatment of the spacing on the page, of the severe line, of the masses, and of the scenery, is beyond praise; for it assists at every point to express the romance of the idea with a sweetness, and tenderness, and old-world air that makes one think of fairy tales, and fairy gifts, and fairy worlds.

They have found the woman's vision. They see the rounded limbs, the dainty fall of the drapery, the clumsily graceful beauty of childhood, with the mystic eyes of womanhood. They realise the childhood of children so differently to a man; just as a woman plays so differently with children.

And they have learnt their lesson in art from a superb master—a man whose art to-day dominates France, dominates the art of illustration on the Continent, which is to say dominates art on the Continent, since illustration is the most living, pulsing form of modern art—Steinlen.

The Dream-World of Childhood

The influence on black-and-white, on *technique*, of Steinlen is enormous to-day. And, schooling themselves upon the rich genius of this man, or, perchance, upon some follower of his, these two women have caught his accomplishments, and woven it to their own use. The master's teaching has been elaborated, and their own mastery of their craft has evolved a music which is all their own. Technically, I do not know which to admire most, their decorative sense, their eloquent, well-phrased line, their large, telling masses, their balance of black-and-white, or their imagination and invention. But what I do admire above all their gifts is the absolute art whereby they express the very spirit of childhood; and without any fantastic aid of goblins, or fairies, or bogies, or giants, they suggest, in the subtle perfection of their craftsmanship, the large-eyed romance and the dream-world of the high imagination of the little ones. HAL DANE.

The death of Whistler has brought about an eager haste amongst such as possess his etchings to take advantage of his artistic popularity in order to sell what must be a most profitable thing. Obach's, in Bond Street, have closed their exhibition of etchings, to be succeeded by the pastels and drawings at the Goupil Galleries, whilst the owners of the Leicester Galleries have a roomful of delightful etchings which they are selling for Mr. Mortimer Menpes—a collection which contains the charming, and, I believe, unique impression of the standing figure of his mother, (No. 72). Indeed, this collection of Mr. Menpes's is very fine. It is interesting to know that Whistler realised his great effects in etching, not on Japanese vellum, which he is stated by Mr. Menpes to have disliked, but upon the rich old papers of France and Holland.

The coloured supplements which have been presented with each number of THE BYSTANDER, have been received with so many expressions of goodwill from our readers that we are resolved to continue their presentation week by week. The subject of the first supplement was taken from an original painting by Mr. F. J. Waugh, entitled, "Mademoiselle Fifine." This week readers of THE BYSTANDER are presented with a companion picture by the same artist, entitled, "O Mimosa San." The artist again catches the spirit of his subject's nationality. The little geisha and the dainty French girl are typical of their respective countries.

Vaudeville Theatre

"THE CHERRY GIRL"

Of all our present actor-managers, there is probably none so versatile, and, at the same time, possessed in so large a degree of the wonderful faculty of correctly gauging the popular taste as Mr. Seymour Hicks. His work as an author never displays any particular ingenuity of construction, nor brilliancy of dialogue, and yet it always bears the indelible mark of a mind which knows exactly what is going to please. His annual production at the Vaudeville Theatre is certainly unique in this respect. It is daring and yet homely, brilliant and yet dainty. It is surrounded by the delightful atmosphere of fairyland, and at the same time it forms a picture which, both in design and setting, appeals to the most exacting searcher for the artistic. So, too, as a play it is a fairy-story of the simplest and most fanciful type, and yet with a continual undercurrent of genuine humour, which must reach an audience who desire something more than a mere Christmas pantomime.

In *The Cherry Girl*, which he has selected for this year's Christmas play, Mr. Hicks has chosen a particularly charming basis upon which to build. He opens his play in Pierrot-land, where lives a white Pierrot and a black Pierrot and a little cherry girl who is loved by both. She is remarkable in that she possesses an extraordinary likeness to the queen, and the white Pierrot is relying upon this resemblance in his design for a statue of his queen, of which the girl is to be the model. If it meets with the success he desires, he will then be in a position to ask the little cherry-seller to be his wife. But the queen has grown tired of the pomp and splendour of her position, and having heard of the child who is so like herself, she sends for her, and persuades her to change places for a week, to mount the throne and allow the real queen to go out and sell cherries in her place. The change once effected, she retires to the Pierrot's studio, and there finds, to her horror, that the jealous black Pierrot has smashed his rival's statue to atoms in order to deprive him of his expected triumph, and in despair she mounts the pedestal herself to deceive her lover into the belief that this masterpiece still exists. Then she learns from him that the whole Pierrot luck depends upon a certain *mascotte*, which was stolen from his ancestors two hundred years before. At once she sees her way to restore his fortunes. With the help of her protecting fairies she flies back through the intervening years to the

time and place where the robbery occurred. She meets the highwayman, and takes from him the jewel, and is thus enabled to bring back to her poor Pierrot the happiness that has been a stranger so long. It is a simple, dainty little story, told with immense charm, and set amid a series of delightful scenes. There is one on the housetops in Pierrot-land, where the Pierrots and their friends discuss the topics of the day with the man in the moon: then we see the Pierrot's studio and the queen's throne-room, and a prettily designed picture of dreamland, with the fairy elements of a summer shower. Then we are taken back to a village in old England, and a manor-house, and pay a passing visit to a purple garden, before returning once again to the land where the Pierrots dwell. It is all so simple and dainty, and indescribably charming. Of course the burden of the Cherry is born by Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks, and the enviable vivacity and cheeriness which they invariably bring into a play of this description, are too well known to require much further comment, but certainly neither has ever been more entirely successful than on this occasion. They delighted their grown-up audience on the first night as much as they will certainly delight all the little playgoers, who should not fail to pay them a visit during the Christmas holidays. Mr. Courtice Pounds made the best possible use of his wonderful voice, and the same must be said of Miss Carmen Hill, whose singing was certainly one of the best things of the evening. By no means the least pleasant feature of the play are the many charming little child actors and actresses, particularly Miss Winnie Hall, Master Valchera, and, of course, Master George Hersee, without whom no Vaudeville production would now seem quite complete. Messrs. Stanley Brett and Murray King were both quite funny in small parts; and amongst the other members of the cast particular mention should be made of the dancing of Miss Kate Vesey and the diminutive Miss Dorothy Frostick. When *Bluebell in Fairy Land* was first produced at this theatre, it was, presumably, intended to run during the Christmas holidays, but it may well be remembered that it remained in the bill a great deal longer than that. It need not require a very experienced prophet to predict that Mr. Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss will be dancing together in *Pierrot Land* a great many weeks, perhaps months, after their little admirers have all gone back to school. P. C.

Sir Henry Irving has just sent to us from America a souvenir of *Dante*, which he has had published and distributed during his recent performances in Boston. It would seem that the verdict of the New York Press, to the effect that *Dante* was not likely to be greeted with much success in America, has been proved to be erroneous. For, while it is true that Sir Henry has thought it wise to include in his *répertoire* certain of his old favourites, it remains undoubtedly the fact that he continues to give performances of *Dante* in every town that he visits, and, from the reports that reach us, the reception accorded both to his own performance and to the play itself, is sufficient to satisfy all his previous expectations.

Avenue Theatre

Mr. Mostyn Piggott is, by this time, as well aware as any of his well-wishers that his first attempt as a playwright, *All Fletcher's Fault*, which was recently produced at the Avenue Theatre, has but few of the elements which go to make a commercial success. It is to be hoped that Mr. Piggott will not allow himself to be discouraged at the reception which was accorded his first work from entering again into the arena, and he will doubtless have discovered that the methods which he has hitherto employed with so much success in his other literary work are, for the most part, to be eschewed when writing for the stage. The little whimsicalities and turns of sardonic humour which can be safely employed in little verses, which are only to be regarded from a standpoint of the lightest literature, become impossible when spoken by a character across the footlights. When Mr. W. S. Gilbert wrote his extravaganzas, they were amusing chiefly by reason of their abnormalities. There is little real interest to be derived from the character of the Captain of the Pinafore, and had he appeared upon the stage of a smart society comedy, in all probability his life would have been short. But there was plenty of evidence in *All Fletcher's Fault*, which, if carefully probed, will give proof that Mr. Piggott is thoroughly able to depict a character which shall be amusing as well as convincing; and it is probable, that if he will only regard the voices of his critics in the spirit in which they are intended, that his next play will achieve the success which has been denied to his first.

The announcement that Mr. George Edwardes intends to bring out a ballet at the Empire, in which the ordinary short dancing skirt is to be entirely superseded by its longer rival, seems to be causing a good deal of indignation on the part of those who consider themselves the leaders of this particular form of amusement. But Mr. Edwardes, apparently, will not be bound by any preconceived notions, and intends to take his ballet altogether out of the realms of fantastic design and to set it in the present-day life of a country house. In more ways than one this production of his promises to be quite an innovation, as from hints which have been let fall, it appears likely that his idea will ultimately take the form of a social romp rather than an elaborate and fantastic production. Whether or not his originality will be justified by the result, of course remains to be seen. But, at any rate, it seems likely to make a pleasing variation from the more ordinary methods.

There will be no lack of amusement for young playgoers during the present Christmas holidays, and it is pleasant to note that there is a slight tendency on the part of theatrical managers to leave the more commonplace material of the pantomime, with its music-hall comedians and ballet dancers, and return to the more simple and generally more pleasing effects of the plain fairy tale from which the story is derived. At the Adelphi Theatre, Captain Basil Hood has provided a series of the Hans Andersen stories. At the Court Theatre, Mr. Philip Carr is producing a version of Grimm's fairy tale, "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men." There is a new adaptation of Lewis Carrol's "Alice Through the Looking Glass" at the New Theatre. At the Garrick, Mr. Arthur Bourchier is reviving his last year's successful "Water Babies," and all of these would seem to have been designed more with a desire of pleasing the imagination of children than of appealing to the general theatre-going public.

Photo by *The London Stereoscopic Co.*

Mr. Toft at Work in his Studio on the Statue of Miss Ellaline Terriss for "The Cherry Girl"

THE DAILY EXPRESS

Parrot Competition and Concert held at St JAMES' RESTAURANT

on Thursday
Dec. 17th 1903

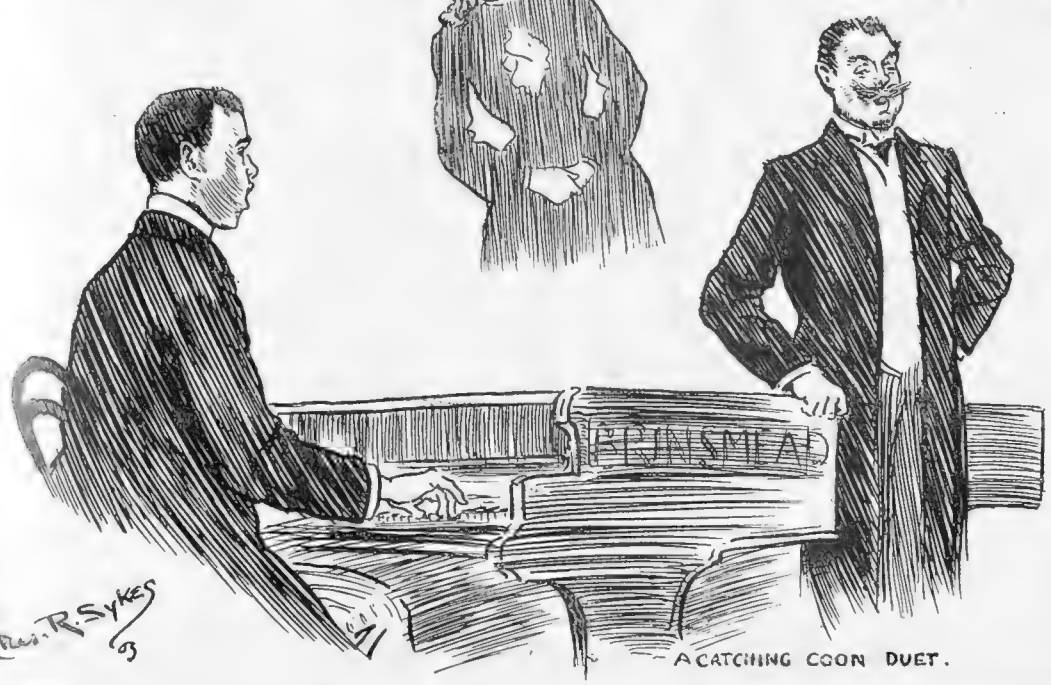
DAINTY COAXING in the FRENCH SALOON.

Speaking about Parrots

RE[illegible]ATION:-
"MY BONNY BLUE[illegible]"

A CHARMING EXTRA-TURN

AN ENCORE SONG.



A CATCHING COON DUET.

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Oratory Choir at St. James's Hall

Quite an innovation was the appearance of the Oratory choir upon the concert platform at the fourth Broadwood concert. Putting aside for the moment the actual performance itself, I am not at all sure that it is a good thing to introduce into the concert-room music such as the motets sung on this occasion, which belong to the liturgy of a particular church. And there is no doubt that, to properly appreciate music like Palestrina's motets, it is necessary to hear it in its true *locale*—the Roman Catholic church. The singing of the choir in the seven excerpts they gave was curiously unequal. I have never heard a more beautiful double pianissimo than the close of Vittoria's "Jesu dulcis memoria"; on the other hand, there were many coarse, loud passages, and sometimes a suspicious intonation. Amongst the other motets sung was one by Peter Phillips, an Englishman who flourished *circa* 1600 and who, it is satisfactory to learn, won great renown as a musician upon the Continent, where he held important musical posts.

Concerning Young Composers

There are a few clever young writers in this country to-day, whom their friends have elected to call the "rising school of British composers." These friends back them up—often very injudiciously—in the Press and elsewhere, with the result that each of them is hopelessly outwriting himself and producing works of a very ephemeral nature. Great is the outcry, however, if some of the hurriedly produced works of these young writers are not included in most of the important concerts given from time to time. Whether these works are really worth including, if judged by the standard of the other events to be performed, is quite another matter. For instance, the other day I had to listen, at the Broadwood concert referred to above, to a sonata for clarinet and pianoforte by one Donald F. Tovey, concerning whom the analytical programme informed me that "as time passes the name of Mr. Donald Tovey looms larger and larger in the public eye," and then follows an explanation that Mr. Tovey elects to work on "classical" lines, and that the "so-called modern chaos" (whatever that may mean) makes "no appeal to his sense of beauty." Well, in the first place, I might point out that a great deal of Mr. Tovey's appearance before the public is at concerts given by himself, and as far as I can judge the public do not evince an overwhelming desire for his works. And I sat through this particular sonata and really tried hard to discover some merit (for one really longs for something new worth praising). I did not quarrel with Mr. Tovey for electing to work on "classical" lines—although I do not understand why a composer should not prefer the idiom of his own age, or greatly ahead of it—if only he had something of his own to say. But to be perfectly frank, this work was absolutely barren of originality of material. You might have found it all in the duller moments of Brahms and Schumann. And this is just a typical example of a lot of works heard this season, the result of it being that the average music-lover is more than ever convinced that English music is not worth hearing.

Musician's Hobbies

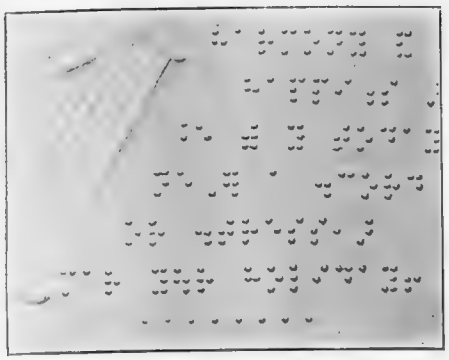
Apropos of my recent remarks in the first number of THE BYSTANDER anent science and music, a correspondent reminds me of the fact that musicians so often take up scientific hobbies. That is perfectly true, also, and I call to mind several instances at once. Edward Elgar used to be very fond of scientific kite-flying and making. Josef Hofmann, the great Polish pianist, devotes much spare time to the study of motors and electric appliances. Mr. Walter Alcock, Organist of the Chapel Royal, and Composer to His Majesty, builds model steam engines as a hobby, whilst Sir Walter Parratt's favourite recreation was to dictate moves for two simultaneous games of chess whilst playing Bach fugues.

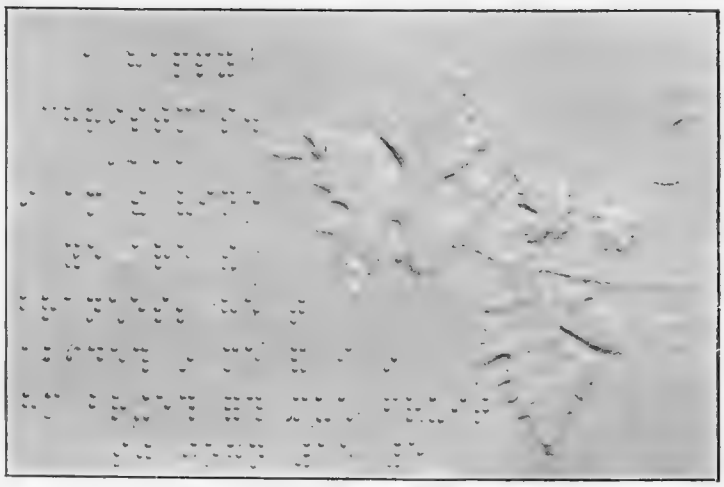
Concerning Amateur Orchestras

It used to be said that English people cared only for one form of music—the choral sort; but of late years the public has developed a remarkable taste for orchestral music, and a good concert given by a first-class orchestra is one of the best paying things nowadays. A consequence of this is the growth of amateur orchestras, a number of which have sprung up all over the country in comparatively recent times. London alone possesses several amateur bands which have attained to quite a professional standard—the Stock Exchange, the Crystal Palace, the Royal Amateur, the Strolling Players', the Ladies', and the Westminster—just to mention a few, and some of their conductors are really first-class men. Mr. Hedgcock, for instance, who presides over the Crystal Palace Amateur Orchestra, is a conductor who would be capable of directing a far better orchestra; whilst Mr. Arthur Payne, who rules over the Stock Exchange players, has, of course, conducted the Queen's Hall and the Llandudno orchestras. Most of the above societies have been giving concerts during the past few days. The Crystal Palace band played Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphonie on the 5th; the Stock Exchange Society gave a Berlioz concert on the 9th, with the Symphonie Fantastique on the programme; whilst on that date the Westminster Orchestra played Beethoven's First Symphony, and the Royal Amateur Society gave an excellent concert at Queen's Hall. So that it will be seen that these amateur bands are doing some splendid work, the educational value of which, to the players and their friends, is undoubtedly great.

H.J.C.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS FOR THE BLIND

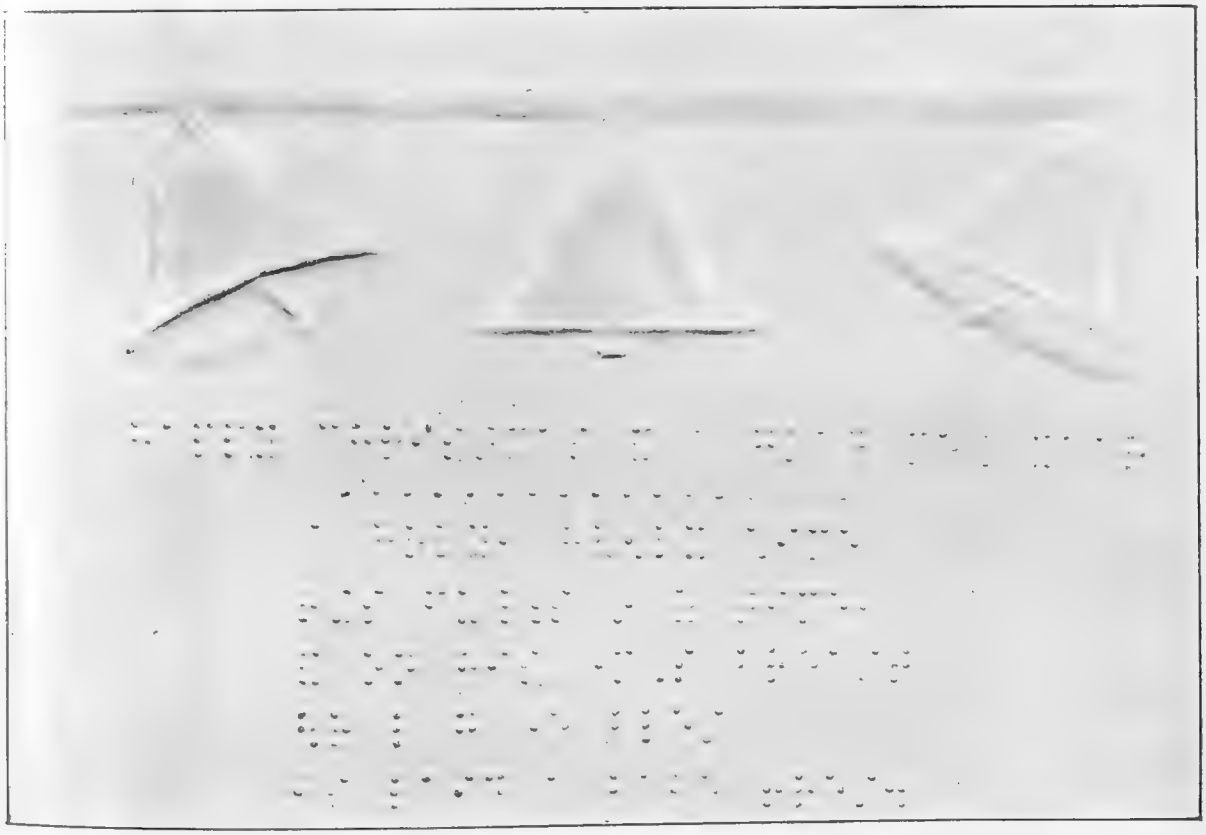




Cards that delight the blind

"Harmony and Happiness
Be with thee to-day,
Ne'er a discord of disaster
Mar thy holiday."

It is but little known that amongst the thousands of artistic, quaint, and comic cards which are issued every year, there is also a small group of plain, severe, uninteresting looking cards with simple designs in relief, and cabalistic signs embossed beneath them. These are not meant to be looked at, only to be felt; they are for those who only "see with their fingers," and the cabilistic signs carry a Christmas greeting to the blind. At first, all the designs were cut out and mounted on large cards, but in two years the sale had increased so much, that means had to be devised for producing the cards in quantities, and now the designs and words are printed together on the cards. The pictures are more pleasing to children than to "grown-ups;" incredible as it may seem, the designs do convey a pleasurable impression to the little folks whose fingers serve them for eyes. The delight of a small boy of eight, blind from his birth, in a card "with a real horse that Johnny could ride" was as pretty as it was pathetic. It must be remembered that a paternal Government not only has its little blind subjects taught to read and write in Braille, but also gives them very thorough instruction in natural history, etc. by means of models. The words on the cards are very carefully selected, and include some beautiful Bible texts and fine quotations from English classics. A descriptive price-list is issued in ordinary print, and this and the cards can be obtained from the Editor of the *Weekly Summary*, Shere, Surrey.



The bells ring out A Happy Christmas and a Glad New Year

Flounces and Fashion

Evening dresses are the interest of the moment when Christmas and New Year festivities are in full swing, and invitations come not as single spies, but in battalions. Net, chiffon, and lace all offer themselves persuasively for the dance frocks, though, in truth, it would be more reasonable if we elected to make these of more solid fabrics. The stronger kinds of net look well trimmed with rows of satin ribbon; one of a cream tone, for example, may be gathered round the hips and bear upon the hem seven gathered flounces, each one bordered with three rows of ribbon; the bodice may have a frill decorated in the same way, while the waist should be encircled with a band of soft satin ribbon, a novelty in belts being open at the back and laced through ivory rings and tied in a bow just below the waist, the long ends reaching to the hem of the skirt.

The sun-ray pleated skirts look well made in thin stuffs. A very effective example is to be seen of cream-coloured spotted net, the bodice being pouched slightly, bearing a *berthe* collar of lace, above which peeps a narrow-gathered chemisette threaded with satin ribbon in the tucker fashion dear to our great grandmothers.

Very charming is the ball dress made of shaded chiffon, which is to be bought by the yard already pleated. Under such circumstances, the results are striking, and look especially well when the chiffon shades from deepest scarlet on the ground to the palest maize colour at the waist.

A white chiffon dress with many gatherings round the waist has the hem of the skirt trimmed with five rows of *bouillonées* with a line of lace insertion between each of these, and is finished with excellent effect by a deep lace collar round the *décolletage*, decked with tiny little roses of pink and blue chiffon, the waist being encircled with a pink chiffon sash.

Chiffon and net and lace, as well as enjoying such popularity for frocks, make most successful blouses to accompany cloth skirts and fur coats.

Every woman seems to possess a fur coat, the latest extravagance being a long or short coat of white caracal, fastening with enamel buttons, either in the sac shape or bolero, left plain or decorated, with a fringe of white fur balls. Crowned with a hat of white caracul with a Hussar's brush in black and white, held with a quaint gold ornament, the effect is distinctly regal and as distinctly desirable.

Amongst the festivities of the moment is the fancy dress ball, and that Eastern dancing girl's costume sketched on this page offers becoming possibilities for the graceful figure. The skirt is of chiffon of the palest shade of pink, and a deeper tone of red chiffon, with pearls and diamonds and rubies on it, forms the

Eastern Dancing Girl's Costume
A hint for a fancy dress ball

scarf round the hips, while the little bolero is of a still deeper shade of red, the trimming on this being of all the three tones of red used together with jewels. A jewelled crown is round her hair, and from this falls a veil of rose-coloured chiffon, the osprey being made in white. Red silk stockings should be worn with this, and shoes of satin embroidered with jewels.

Red is an amazingly popular colour, by the way, being used just now for the most attractive of walking dresses in cloth of the variety known as *suède*. The most favoured tone is the deepest, darkest damask, and in combination with Russian sable it has special charms, and the ideal hat to complete such a costume would be of dark red felt to match, with a shaded ostrich feather curling its graceful length over the brim.

In the Showrooms

A charming place for the purchase of the ever necessary blouse is Mesdames Hancock and James, 8, Grafton-street, Bond-street. This firm makes a speciality of these necessary details to the completion of woman's costume, and a walk round their showrooms will afford you an opportunity for seeing and envying many of their newest models. The first to catch the eye is made of pale pink *crêpe de chine*, inlet with large lace medallions in the shape of butterflies, while next to it is a blouse of white pleated chiffon, bearing over its left shoulder a flight of black velvet swallows. I have an idea that this would prove equally fascinating in black, with pale blue bir[illegible].

Hats, as well as blouses, are to be found in great variety at 8, Grafton-street. Foremost among a bevy of beauty is a hat of pale green, bearing a large ostrich feather shaded from cream to emerald green, held by a large cabochon emerald on the left side. It makes you feel as if its wearer would be instantly christened "Diana of the Cross Ways." Pre-eminently comfortable and useful for the most favourite pastime of motoring is a toque of blue felt, over which is arranged a blue silk hood, which can be turned down to form an attractive cape or can be entirely dispensed with, thus leaving a charming toque and a tidy head, quite phenomena, these, after arriving from a motor run. The blouse sketched is of cream drawn net and lace insertion, while the hat is of ermine, with lace drapery, held on top by a large buckle.

So, for all these dainty trifles, which really are essential to the costume smart, I should advise that you pay a visit to the showrooms of Mesdames Hancock & James, 8, Grafton-street.

Powders and Perfumes

Many women start life by declaring they will never use any other scent than either Parma violet or *peau d'Espagne*, etc. This is all very well in its way, but when they come to use nothing but the same powder which matches their scent, and even the same water-softener, and then even the same soap, it becomes fatiguing both to those in their immediate *entourage* and to all their friends and acquaintances, especially if this perfume be sufficiently expensive to warrant it to be strong enough to be smelt at a distance.

A Blouse from the Showrooms of Mesdames Hancock and James

The highly scented powders, such as *Le Trèfle Incarnat*, are extremely pleasant; but perhaps with the scent of the same name, and the use of prepared chalk you would find the complexion to be in a considerably better state.

I was talking to a skin specialist the other day, and she said that really most of the complexions with which she had to deal were ruined by the use of highly scented powders.

Another face specialist introduced me to a case of her own soap and a box of her own water softener, which is called Carnation; this has no recognised attendant powder or scent, though I believe the latter is procurable from Miss Johnson, of 8, Hanover-street, W. This same lady always uses *poudre de riz* for her beautifying work, in which, indeed, she excels.

NITA.

The Menu

At this season of the year, when so many country houses are full of visitors, breakfast holds a very important place. A good breakfast lays an excellent foundation for a day's work or a day's shooting, and I propose to give two *menus* suitable for a house party of about twelve persons :—

Menu No. I

Fish Cakes.
Devilled Turkey
Omelette aux Fines Herbes.
Ham. Boiled Eggs.
Pâté de Foie Gras.
Tea. Coffee.
Bread. Rolls. Scones.
Toast, Dry and Buttered.
Marmalade.

Menu No. 2

Kidneys Sautées.
Curried Eggs.
Baked Soles.
Cold Galantine of Fowl.
Tongue.
Tea. Coffee.
Bread. Rolls. Toast.
Scones. Honey. Preserve.
Bananas. Apples.

BAKED SOLES

Scrape, but do not skin, the soles; dissolve some butter in a baking tin, pass the white side of the fish through it, sift very fine dry breadcrumbs seasoned with pepper and salt over this, lay the soles black side downward in the baking dish, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. As a breakfast dish the soles should be served without sauce.

GALANTINE OF FOWL

Bone the fowl, and lay it on the table with the inside uppermost. Cut the meat from the thick parts and distribute it equally all over the inside; season. Take 1lb. of cooked veal and 1lb. of fat bacon, cut into small pieces and put through the mincing machine; mix with it chopped mushrooms, parsley, nutmeg, grated peel of a lemon, pepper, salt, and coralline pepper. Put all in the mortar and pound fine; then add the yolks of three eggs. Peel 1lb. of truffles, cut up some boiled tongue and ½lb. fat bacon, into long fillets about ½in. wide. Spread a layer of the forcemeat over the fowl about an inch thick. Put the fillets of tongue and bacon on this, about 1in. apart, with truffles between, then another layer of forcemeat. Take care that it is of equal thickness in every part; then, tightly rolled, bind firmly together with a piece of broad tape, wrap in a pudding cloth, closely tied at each end. Put it in a stewpan, fitting as nearly as may be to size; add all the chicken bones, 2 carrots, 2 small onions, stock, with 4 cloves, bunch sweet herbs, 2 bay leaves, 1doz. peppercorns; add sufficient white stock to cover it, let it just come to the boil, and simmer for two hours. Take out the galantine, remove the cloth, strain the stock, place the galantine in a deep dish, pour all the stock over and leave till partly cold. It must then be pressed between two boards with a heavy weight upon it. Boil down the stock to a jelly; to ½ oz. galantine, 1 teaspoonful of Liebig, strain till clear: when cold, remove all fat. Brush the galantine over with glaze, place it on a dish and garnish with the jelly cut into large dice, beetroot, bunches of watercress, and the white of egg cut into pretty shapes, or cover the galantine with the same sauce as for a *chaud-froid* of chicken.

EMILI .

A Japanese Dinner Party at the Maple Club, Tokio

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WOMAN'S PASTIMES

Fixtures for County Hockey

A glance at the list of fixtures at present announced show, us a goodly number of county matches to take place this week. But after these are played there will be little to note of consequence until the second week in January. There is still a great outcry to be heard about the weather. One of the players in the North *v.* West match declared that it was only the third time she had played this year, as all the local matches had been scratched. There is no doubt that, under these circumstances, it was a pity that the territorial matches were played so early in the season, and the unsatisfactory state of the ground for both these matches, may very justly be blamed for the marked deterioration in the standard of play.

New Players

All three territories have a great many new players, and the North and Midlands were playing less than half of their last year's team, but whilst these changes have effected a considerable improvement in her two adversaries, the North has suffered by it. Her forward line, with the exception of Miss Stitt, on the left wing, who really played an excellent game, are all new and young players unknown to the public. The absence of Miss H. Corver and Miss H. Hollins is very much to be regretted, for the result of the two matches already played seems to point, without doubt, to the weakness caused by want of experience. Miss Craigmile, who played centre forward, has just left school, Roedean School, by the way, which is quite noted for its young hockey players. There is very little fault to be found with her play, excepting that she has not sufficient experience for her place, and the responsibility seemed to make her nervous; as an inside forward she would be invaluable, for she shoots well and quickly, but so much depends upon a centre forward, and for that she wants just a little fuller knowledge of the game. Of the other forwards there was far too much individual play, and what passing there was, was inaccurate. On the whole, the team fell far short of last year's eleven, and it is probable that there will be several changes before they challenge the South on February 5.

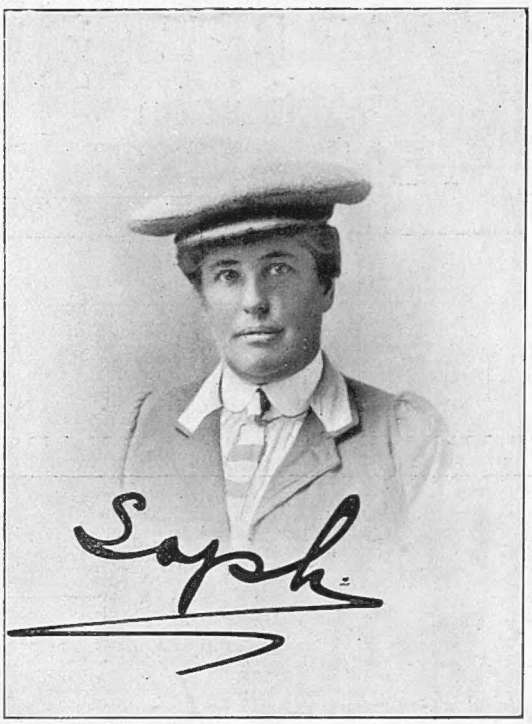

Photo by *Searle*

Mrs. Stanley Stubbs

A Noted Lady Golfer who gained the Bronze Medal in 1900

Western Improvement

In the West, however, we noted a distinct improvement. They are a good all-round team, and play well together. This match in the North was a very even game, and though they were beaten by 3—1, the play was very equally divided. At the same time this style is not so good as the Northerners, and there are no noticeably brilliant players in this team. Perhaps this last is partly owing to a lack of enterprise amongst them. We certainly hear very much less about them than any of the other territories. They are in no hurry to rush into print, and the methods they pursue in selecting their team are, unlike the others, almost unknown.

The Midland Team

As regards the Midland XI, it is rather difficult to say wherein their chief strength lay. They proved themselves considerably stronger than the Northerners, for the game was entirely in their hands throughout. Their centre forward, Miss Gaskell, was the only new player in the forward line, and she played a really brilliant game. She has steadily improved during the last three years whilst playing for Newnham and for Cambridgeshire, and may be considered now as a complete success in the Midland XI. The Staffordshire goalkeeper, Miss Johnson, has a great name among the Midland county elevens, but in the match on December 9 she had practically nothing to do. Miss Fordham, as left back, excited much admiration from the spectators, and was pronounced the best player on the field. She played a first-rate game from start to finish; she was always to be relied on, always in her place, and her hitting was clean and quick. The four members of the All-England Selection Committee were present at both matches, note books in hand.

Mrs. Stanley Stubbs

Mrs. Stanley Stubbs is one of the golfers in the first rank who are on the committee of the Barnehurst Golf Club. She is well known wherever good golf is played, and championships do not daunt her. At Aberdovey, two years ago, the Ladies'

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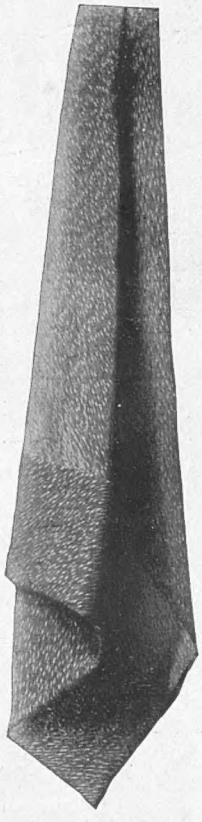

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Championship, that blue ribbon of the links, lay well within her reach, she showing splendid form in the semi-final, where she was only defeated in the nineteenth green, and won the Bronze Medal in 1900. She plays top for Kent, which was this year in the finals of the Inter-County Championships just lately held at Sunningdale, when she beat Miss E. Morant. She is a fine steady player, very seldom off her game, and her collection of trophies and momentoes is a very varied and extensive one.

An Ice Carnival

The grand ice carnival, as it is rather flamboyantly termed, which will be held at the National Skating Palace on February 11, is already inducing intending hostesses to make up their parties well in advance. The Prince and Princess of Wales have given not only their names as patrons, but the valuable consideration of their presence, as the entertainment is in aid of the Union Jack Club. The Duchess of Bedford is on the committee, also Lady Derby, Lady Coke, Lady Howe, Miss Ethel McCaul, and Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth.

Fencing

There was a large audience in St. James's Hall to witness Professor Pierre Vigny's fencing display, and many ladies were present. Miss Sanderson was much applauded for her skill in self-defence, as shown by the exhibition with walking-sticks. Among the well-known people who were greatly interested in the fencing were Lady Garvagh, Lady Ludlow, Lady Harris and Miss Harris, and Princess Ludwig of Löwenstein Wertheim.

The Ladies' Automobile Club

The first "at home" given by the Ladies' Automobile Club, held in the Hans Crescent Hotel was as great a success as could be wished; and the series of friendly gatherings, of which this is the inaugural one, promises to promote the interests of women motorists very pleasantly. The biograph pictures of Captain Deasy's motor trip up the Rochers de Naye were very inspiriting. Some idea of this perilous ascent may be gained by reference to an illustration in the pages of this number which treat of events "From Abroad." The Ladies' Automobile Club will make Claridge's their future headquarters, as the gradual growth of the club renders larger premises necessary. The arrangements are in the hands of Lady Cecil Scott Montagu, Lady Beatrice Rawson, and Mrs. Gerard Leigh. It is believed the move will take place about Easter. There are excellent rooms at Claridge's, and a very good *garage* for members' cars. Among the plans of the forthcoming season are arrangements for a ladies' day at the Crystal Palace Motor Show.

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